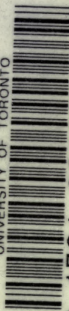


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LETTERS

FROM THE YEAR 1781 TO THE YEAR 1800

JOHN WILKINSON, ESQ.

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-QUARIAN SOCIETY

OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

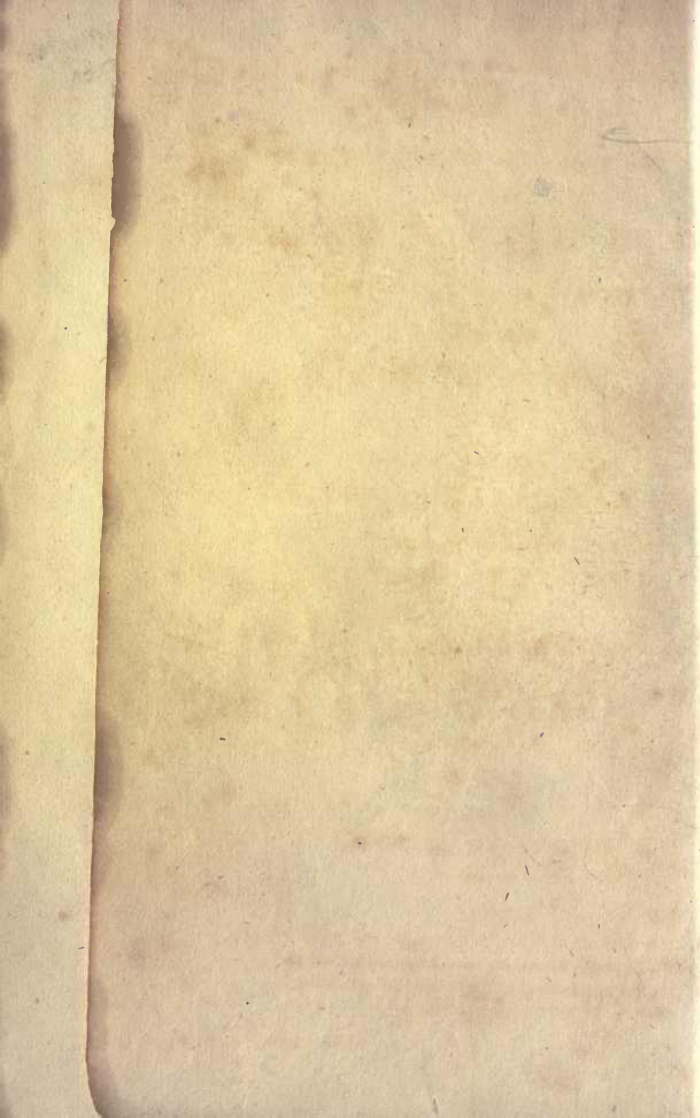
1800

THE AMERICAN ANTI-QUARIAN SOCIETY

BOSTON

Printed and Sold by G. B. LITTLE, No. 10, CORNHILL, BOSTON.





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# LETTERS,

FROM THE YEAR 1774 TO THE YEAR 1796,

OF

## JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

ADDRESSED TO HIS DAUGHTER,

THE LATE

### Miss Wilkes:

WITH

A COLLECTION OF HIS

### MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE

OF

### MR. WILKES.

==

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

==

VOL. I.

—————

THE SECOND EDITION.

—————

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,  
PATERNOSTER ROW; J. HATCHARD, PICCADILLY;  
AND A. CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH.

1805.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. I.



*The Life of Mr. Wilkes—and Poems ;  
many from original MSS. not before  
printed.*

## ERRATA.

### VOL. I.

- Page 24, line 6, *for* assault, *read*, offence.  
40, — 21, *for* over-ruled, *read*, overturned.  
47, *insert the following Note, referable to line 1: Upon*  
*a question of evidence, as to the right of*  
*cross-examination.*  
48, line 7, *for* indictment, *read*, information.  
55, *insert, referable to line 1, N. Published in 1783.*

### VOL. II.

- Page 217, line 2 from bottom, *for* I, *read*, you.

### VOL. III.

- Page 294, line 14, *for* pó, *read*, pour.

### VOL. IV.

- Page 166, line 2 from bottom, *for* Nous, *read*, Vous.

## PREFACE.

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IT might perhaps be thought, that the voluminous "Works of Mr. Wilkes," the publication of which has for several months past been announced to the public, would naturally supersede the materials of the *following* volumes. The truth is, that it has in reality *occasioned* their being thus committed to the press.

A feeling of delicacy on the part of those to whom the Letters, which constitute the present work, belonged, for some time prevented all intention of



giving them to the world. But when it appeared that a general collection of his miscellaneous pieces, including also a great number of his familiar epistles to various persons and on various subjects, was preparing for general circulation, there seemed no longer any just reason, when so much was to be permitted to walk abroad, to keep closeted at home, this, certainly not the least curious part of his extensive correspondence\*. In

\* In compliance however with the request of Mr. Wilkes's surviving daughter (now the wife of a gentleman at the bar), it is thought proper to state, that the possession of the letters, &c. which form these volumes, is not derived from her; and that of the correspondence of her father with herself, said to be amongst the papers in Mr. Almon's publication, she is wholly ignorant. As she learns,

Mr. Almon's publication, with which it is by no means intended that this should interfere, Mr. Wilkes's correspondence with Miss Wilkes reaches no further, according to his own advertisement, than the year 1780. The present collection begins with a few scattered letters written in the years 1774 and 1775, and thence continues in a regular succession to as late a period as 1796. To those therefore to whom the character and writings of Mr. Wilkes are still objects of curiosity, these volumes will not be unacceptable ; and will form a valuable addition to those of Mr. Almon, whose

however, that Mr. Almon is utterly incapable of giving to the public other than genuine letters, she has not felt herself called upon to inquire about them.

connexion with Mr. Wilkes whilst yet “an unextinguished volcano,” renders him a fitter and more competent historian of those political explosions, which in the years 1763 and 1768 startled the country, than any other person. Leaving therefore to him the illustration of Mr. Wilkes’s political productions, it will be sufficient for the present editor to mention, on *his* part, what it is he has to offer to the public.

The present volume will contain some miscellaneous productions in verse, several of which have possibly appeared before in printed collections of fugitive pieces, but some also, which certainly exist only in manuscript, and which it is

believed are not in the possession of Mr. Almon.

The second volume, the first of the Letters, contains Mr. Wilkes's letters to his daughter from 1774 to 1783. They are addressed to her, either from his house in Prince's Court, whilst she was absent on occasional visits, or from Bath, during his periodical journies thither. A short series of letters also is addressed to her from Brighthelmstone.

The letters of the third volume are those written to her during her visits to Madame la Duchesse de la Valliere, in Paris, in the year 1784, and also in the years 1788 and 1789. Some also of an intervening date are inserted. The letters from 1789 to 1796, most of them



written at Sandham in the Isle of Wight, form the fourth and last volume; to which is added, because unconnected with the fugitive politics of his day, Mr. Wilkes's Introduction to his meditated History of England.

Many letters containing the mere minutiae of domestic arrangements, the editor has taken upon himself to leave out. He is aware however still that many more might be sacrificed, and the value of the collection, on the whole, not diminished. There are however links of connexion running from one to the other through many of them, that make it not easy to omit any great number.

As they now stand, they at least cannot fail to impress on the minds of those

who read them, a full conviction of their authenticity. Indeed as the originals are in the hands of the publishers, of their genuineness there can be no doubt. There are also some few letters (they are very very few) that a little betray some of the particular opinions which the author is known to have entertained. Perhaps also these might have been omitted, but the passages of this sort are so rare as hardly to give alarm to the most scrupulous. And it may surely be reasonably doubted, whether more would not have been lost with respect to knowledge of character, than would have been gained on the score of an overstrained decorum.

Whatsoever their faults may be, the

editor confesses that on the whole these letters have certainly amused him, and he is naturally led therefore to think that they will also amuse others.

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The publishers wish further to have it observed that they purchased the MSS. at a very liberal price after the perusal of three or four letters—More were not permitted to be read. It rests with the public to determine upon their merits. The task of the editor has been chiefly that of arranging the letters according to their dates, and taking care that no names should be published of living persons, respecting whom aught disrespectful occurs, if such passages there are.

MEMOIR  
OF THE  
*LIFE OF J. WILKES, ESQ.*

---

To write a Life of Mr. Wilkes, omitting to narrate in it those political transactions which distinguished it, would be negligence still more culpable than that of writing the Life of Bacon, forgetting that he was a philosopher: still more culpable, in as much as the fame of Mr. Wilkes arises in a far greater proportion from the memory of his political career, than the fame of Lord Bacon from our knowledge of the extent of his philosophical pursuits.

Since it is thought necessary therefore



by the publishers of these volumes, that a Life of Mr. Wilkes should be prefixed to them, it will of course be necessary for me briefly to relate the political circumstances of that life—a thrice-told tale, which, as I am in possession of no information, but such as already is in the hands of the public, I would gladly decline telling again.

After six prefaces to Shakespeare, some of them written by men of most distinguished talents, did Johnson, it is true, produce his wonder of a preface: but the subject was Shakespeare, and the mind employed upon that subject was the mind of Johnson. It is an exception only, not a contradiction to the established maxim, that it is difficult to give an air of novelty to materials which are old.

John Wilkes was born Oct. 28, 1727, in St. John Street, Clerkenwell. His father, Nathanael, was a distiller of great

opulence, and of a most respectable character.

From the nature of the government, and from the habits of the people of Great Britain, an easy intercourse subsists between all its orders of society. When industry has obtained for itself more than competence, it naturally becomes desirous of distinction. The powers of wealth, however great, are yet circumscribed: to the wealthy, the wealth of others is of small importance; and where there are many rich, riches of course give little pre-eminence. Another standard of merit is then resorted to, and abilities and rank are made the objects of regard. Mr. Wilkes was early accustomed to meet at the table of his father with persons of literary excellence, as well as with those of weight in the commercial world; and hence he imbibed that

taste for letters, which he continued to cultivate through life.

- His education, however, though liberal, was domestic ; and, though not severe, yet sufficiently sober. His philosophy therefore (that of enjoying the world, and passing laughingly through it) was not so much the fruit of levity and custom, as of his own reflection ; and as adopted in compliance with his own view of human nature. And this he was himself very willing to have believed.

His parents (one of them, at *least*) were not of the church of England ; and Mr. Wilkes having passed his school years, partly at Hertford and partly in Buckinghamshire, was sent, not to either of our English universities, but with a private tutor, to the university of Leyden, where his talents attracted much notice.

In the year 1749 he married Miss Mead, heiress of the Meads of Buckinghamshire; from which marriage probably originated his connexion with that county. In April 1754, he offered himself as a candidate to represent in parliament the borough of Berwick, and addressed the electors in terms not ill according with that political spirit which afterwards marked his public conduct. He was not however on this occasion successful; but in July 1757, he was elected burgess for Aylesbury, and was also again chosen (at the *general* election) in 1761, for the same place.

Whether Mr. Wilkes's connexions with men of rank preceded his situation in parliament, or his seat in parliament facilitated his introduction into the circles of higher life, I am unable to say. But certain it is, that before 1760 his



acquaintance was both high and extensive.

That they, to whom industry, not inheritance, has given opulence, should frequently be found wanting in education, is natural. In their intercourse therefore with men of habits differing from their own, if they sometimes should connect themselves with the undeserving, it ought to excite little surprise. Want of judgment is their lot. But that men of understanding, men too, like Mr. Wilkes, proud of their understanding, should throw themselves into the service of the dissolute, merely because they boast a nominal distinction in society, might indeed occasion wonder, but that it is impossible long to wonder at that which is of daily occurrence. It may perhaps be venial for the rich, who want the advantage of a cultivated intel-

lect, to overlook immorality out of respect to presumed abilities : but the same indulgence is surely most unjustly bestowed, if extended to him, who, in defiance of his better knowledge, stoops to the company of the abandoned, whose ignorance in his heart he despises, merely because they are titled. This censure on the conduct of Mr. Wilkes, as far as it relates to his intimacy with the heroes of profligacy and Medmenham Abbey, will not, I think, be found too severe, when it is remembered that he himself used to speak in terms of utter contempt \* for their capacities, and to own that nothing but their condition in life would have induced him to notice them. Mr. Wilkes, acquainted as he was so early as 1754 with Lord Temple, and partially with Lord Chatham, one should

\* With the exception, I believe, of Lord Le Despenser, who, he said, had some imagination.

have thought, however, could well have dispensed with these associates, fashionable as they were : and there was a period of reflection, when he himself inclined to believe so. Whilst Mr. Burke (a political adventurer also) attached to the mild virtues of the Rockingham connexion, increased in weight, as he increased in years, and on his death-bed found himself surrounded chiefly by those who, as they had advanced in years, had also advanced in reputation and popular esteem ; Mr. Wilkes in old age stood single and alone ; politically triumphant indeed, but with no *personal* sharers of his triumph, and with little to elevate his mind, but the recollection of a fame, hourly on the decline, as new occurrences occupied and diverted the attention of the public.

The charm that chiefly operated in the formation of this (I will not say,

friendship) upon the mind of Wilkes was probably the self-flattering sense of superiority. It was acknowledged without reserve that he was the master-soul of the party, the life of the revel. Amongst the regular and the thinking, the superiority of parts is neither felt on the one side, nor acknowledged on the other, in *the same extreme* that it is amongst the dissolute. Amongst the regular and the thinking, the sympathy that unites them, is a feeling of discretion, chastened by moral considerations, and approved by reason, less violent, but more durable. Amongst the dissolute it is all in all; a sentiment of intoxication, overbearing and exulting; most slavish in adoration of its favourite, on the part of those who follow, and thinking that its own practice is vindicated by the mental superiority of its leader: most enterprising and despotic on the



part of him who leads ; who, as he knows the tenure of his sovereignty to arise from any thing rather than from sober thinking, is compelled to defend by effort, what has been usurped, not given from free and considerate choice. Having only one standard of excellence, that too built upon their own partial opinions, not upon the actual relations which exist in society, the union of such men is in truth a compact of tumult. Waves rolled along with waves beat against the beach, but they at the same time break against each other : their course is the same, but it is a course of jostle and opposition.

The praise of Mr. Wilkes, if to be chief amidst such companions be praise, was, that he surpassed his comrades. He was the tenth wave,

“ *Altius insurgens decimæ ruit impetus undæ,*”

with more wit, more fancy, more learning, more every thing than his co-mates in frantic gaiety.

With this praise indeed, whatsoever be its worth, he was not content, and in 1762 he began to employ himself in political discussion, as a pursuit more suitable to his talents and acquisitions. On the ninth of March in that year he published "Observations on the Papers relative to the Rupture with Spain, laid before both Houses of Parliament, on Friday, Jan. 29, 1762." As much of his information on this subject was supplied by Lord Temple (who, with Mr. Pitt, had retired from the cabinet in consequence of a negative being put upon their proposition for an immediate war with Spain), the success of this pamphlet is little to be wondered at. I imagine that it was originally given to the public without a name: for in the volume of letters published in 1769, under Mr.

Wilkes's own direction, there appears a letter from Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, entreating him to contradict a report, which had assigned "the Observations on the Spanish Papers" to himself. Mr. Wilkes, it seems, had playfully attributed to Dr. Douglas his own work, of which too in his answer he hints that Dr. Mauduit might possibly be the author. These ruses de guerre, these artifices of literary warfare, are too common to be related with any feeling of blame: nor was the production such as was likely to disgrace those to whom it was assigned. It is written with perspicuity and spirit.

On the second day of the June following, the first number of the North Briton issued from the press, a work of which Mr. Wilkes was the chief supporter.

Amongst the memoranda of Gibbon, as given to the public by their noble

editor, is a note of a spirited dinner party, in which Col. Wilkes is mentioned as having supported his share of the conversation with much vivacity and intelligence. He is also related to have made a frank acknowledgment of his resolution to take advantage of the times and "make his fortune." That Mr. Wilkes, then Colonel of the Buckinghamshire militia, made such a declaration, there is no doubt. But there may be much and reasonable doubt, whether any construction can be put on this beyond an intimation of his desire to become an object of popular attention. Neither his habits of living nor his turn of disposition, were such, as to render any supposition, that a plan of pecuniary advancement crossed his mind, at all natural.

When Cardinal de Retz was reminded that his debts were large, he replied, "Cæsar's at my age were greater." Such



in all probability would have been the language of Wilkes, whose cast of temper was as little likely, as even theirs, to make interest the scope of his endeavours. It is not indeed easy to perceive how, even in imagination, he could promise himself, by the course of action which he adopted, that liberal provision as to worldly circumstances which he eventually obtained.

The truth, I believe, is, that to be known amongst men was his ruling passion, and it must be owned that he undoubtedly possessed many of the qualities which deservedly command renown. A weak administration and ill-directed public counsels afforded him a harvest of materials for attack. He saw his opportunity, "put in his sickle," and crowned his toil with plenty beyond expectation.

The North Briton had been established but for a few months, and had reach-

ed no further than the twelfth number, when it involved him in a quarrel with Lord Talbot : a quarrel which ended in a duel. By a retired scholar, unacquainted with the world, it might not unnaturally be made a question, whether a paper like this could by possibility have become a ground on which two reasonable beings should stake the hazard of their lives. And it should seem even to others that the liberty of political attack was certainly at that period in its infancy, when such a trifle occasioned such a meeting. The number complained of has for its subject some pensions, which had been bestowed by the administration of that day, amongst which were those allotted to Dr. Johnson and the author of Douglas. Had there been no juster cause of murmur than this, they who then held the reins of government might have continued safe in power. When how-

ever a spirit of dissatisfaction is abroad, the lightest circumstance will tend to widen the circle of its influence. Even this complaint was not without its effect. Lord Litchfield also and Lord Talbot bear a part in the paper, the chief assault against Lord Talbot being a sneer upon his horsemanship at the coronation. His Lordship however was irritable, and demanded, first by a note, and then by a message, a disavowal on the part of Mr. Wilkes of his being concerned in the composition of the number, which reflected upon his Lordship's name. Wilkes, to whose views an affair of this sort was not ill-suited, contented himself with a denial of his Lordship's right to interrogate him upon the subject. An appointment was made between them, and they exchanged pistol-shots at Bagshot, without hurt to either party. Mr. Wilkes having fired, "walked im-

mediately up to Lord Talbot, and avowed the paper."

Not being much at home in the law of duel, I am at a loss in what terms to speak of this transaction.

In justice to Mr. Wilkes, who knew well the conditions by which rencontres of this kind are regulated, and who was at the same time most religiously disposed to observe them, I am sensible that every thing was conducted in the usual mode, marked out by the sage legislators of fashion and courage. It might be otherwise thought, that, having driven by ridicule an opponent into a challenge, good-nature (and Mr. Wilkes wanted not good-nature) should have taught one to withhold one's fire. That no explanation can be given, till proof be first given, that it is not the dread of a pistol produces it, I know. But I do not equally feel convinced of the necessity of putting



the life of another in hazard, though fully assured of the good sense and propriety of risking one's own. As Lord Talbot however himself declared, upon the avowal, that Mr. Wilkes "was the noblest fellow God ever made," it is unnecessary to seek other evidence. And when the statesman (whom, except one, of the present day, I most regard) has had a word or two to say for bull-baiting, far be it from me to speak aught derogatory (in time of war too) of a custom

"Practis'd by statesmen, and to princes dear."

Mr. Wilkes immediately after the affair addressed a letter to Lord Temple upon the occasion, which has since been published, and which, though given *ex parte*, may yet be depended upon. The fidelity of the narration was confirmed by the seconds of the combatants, and Mr. Wilkes too was a man of veracity.

His conduct throughout was collected and spirited. One sentiment however of the letter is worth every thing else—that in which he tells his Lordship that his last act, previously to his going out, was to write to him a letter commending to his care the education of his daughter, and adding his thanks for the steady friendship with which for so many years he had been honoured. “Col. Berkeley took the care of the letter, and I have since desired him to send it to Stowe; for the sentiments of the heart at such a moment are beyond all politics, and indeed every thing else, but such virtue as Lord Temple’s.” The sentiments of the heart are at all times so valuable, that this single expression gives, in my mind, an interest to the whole epistle. Amidst all the factitious feeling, into which modes of life and habits of thinking mould poor human nature,

let but one genuine, unsophisticated, benevolent sentiment arise, and it at once awakens sympathy, such as that great posture-master, opinion, who twists and shapes our hearts into strangest distortions, vainly with all his art shall strive to excite!

Mr. Wilkes was now daily becoming more known to, and, from his opposition to Lord Bute, a greater favourite with, the public. The North Briton still went on, and Mr. Wilkes also became possessed of a most able coadjutor in Churchill, the poet. In March 1763, he addressed a dedication to Lord Bute, prefixed to the tragedy of Roger Mortimer, an unfinished play of Ben Jonson. Between Mortimer, the favourite of Isabel, the mother of Edward the Third, and Lord Bute, he drew a parallel necessarily not very favourable to the character of that nobleman.

The busy and more important part of the life of Wilkes was now arriving. The far-famed No. 45 of the North Briton appeared on the 23d of April, and on the morning of the 30th Mr. Wilkes was served by a King's messenger with a general warrant, in consequence of which he was on the same morning conveyed to the Tower. That "a warrant to apprehend and seize, together with their papers, the authors, printers, and publishers of a work," without naming who those authors, printers, and publishers were even suspected to be, has upon its very face an appearance of illegality, cannot be denied. But in justice to the secretaries of state, who signed it, it should be remembered, that for a hundred years the practice of their office had been to issue such; and that in so doing they did no more than what precedents seemed to justify.



It is worthy of remark, that this event came not upon Mr. Wilkes unforeseen. It was a *piege tendu* for his adversaries, rather than a net thrown over him by them. And if the knowledge of this circumstance should in any degree tend to diminish the praise claimed loudly for him at the time, upon the score of presence of mind, it will at least establish, what is perhaps still more to his reputation, and what, I believe, was as truly the real character of his understanding, that he possessed the talent of weighing with skill the consequences of his public actions. In a letter addressed by him to the Right Hon. George Grenville, in November 1769, he writes thus :—  
 “ The affair of Mr. Beardmore has been misrepresented. The warrant against him for several numbers of the Monitor was made *special*, but directed the *seizing* of his books and papers. Mr.

Wilkes knew Mr. Beardmore personally, went to visit him at the messenger's house, and endeavoured to persuade him to bring an action of false imprisonment and damages for himself, his clerk, books, papers, &c. against Lord Halifax. This Mr. Beardmore at that time absolutely refused. The transaction was in November 1762." Mr. Wilkes, therefore, had examined the nature of his case, before any step personally hostile to him was taken : and it must, I think, be owned that his battle was well fought, and that the advantage gained on the part of general liberty was not inconsiderable. Mr. Wilkes's behaviour under the arrest was intrepid and spirited in a great degree. One instance of his collectedness (which certainly sprung out of the incident of the moment) he thus relates himself in his second letter to the Duke of Grafton, 1766 :

“ Whilst some of the messengers and their assistants were with me, Mr. Churchill came into the room. I had heard that their verbal orders were likewise to apprehend him, but I suspected they did not know his person, and by presence of mind I had the happiness of saving my friend. As soon as Mr. Churchill entered the room, I accosted him, ‘ Good morrow, Mr. Thompson. How does Mrs. Thompson do ? Does she dine in the country ? ’ Mr. Churchill thanked me, said she then waited for him, that he only came for a moment to ask me how I did, and almost directly took his leave. He went home immediately, secured all his papers, and retired into the country. The messengers could never get intelligence where he was.”

It has already been observed, that the secretaries might well stand *morally* excused in issuing a warrant, which had so

often been issued before without opposition by other secretaries. But it is difficult to say why they thought it necessary to command Mr. Wilkes into close custody, or why one of them should give orders for his being dragged out of bed at midnight. In all political contention between the governed and their governors so much of natural jealousy will ever be excited in behalf of the former, that he is little fit to exercise authority, who permits mere personal irritation to shape his conduct. If it be necessary for the state to punish, it can be necessary only on public grounds. Power to procure respect should at all times be accompanied with discretion: but when power takes upon itself the office of crimination, if its demeanour be not grave and decent, it ceases to be power, and is tyranny.

If that could be deemed a moral law,



which regulates itself, not by general utility, but partial instances, the morality of duelling, with regard to this peculiar case, might almost be admitted.

It is known that Mr. Wilkes was prevented from challenging Lord Egremont only by his Lordship's death. His Lordship could not without reproach, which even he perhaps (not much alive to feeling) would ill have been willing to sustain, have refused giving that satisfaction which his antagonist avowed his intention to demand, whenever, by his giving up the seals, his Lordship should become a private citizen. That ferocity, which the law of honour and of courtesy could not prevent, one should perhaps, were the correction certain, not altogether be displeased at its chastising. Fortunately, however, there are considerations of a higher sort to guide mankind than mere natural indignation ; and the

question therefore need not be agitated. It is to think more justly, to notice the superiority over his Lordship, which Mr. Wilkes derived from the occurrence, a superiority sufficiently mortifying to a proud man, and more mortifying, because brought upon him by his own misconduct. Through the whole interview with the two Secretaries, Mr. Wilkes bore himself in a high manner; nor perhaps weighing his situation fairly, is it to say too much, to use the expression, which he uses himself, that no friend of his had reason to wish one word unuttered.

Upon his commitment to the Tower, an application was instantly made to the Court of Common Pleas for his Habeas Corpus, and he was brought up on the 3d of May. On the 4th he was dismissed from his situation as colonel of the Buckinghamshire militia. On the

6th the validity of his warrant of commitment was argued, his plea of privilege was allowed, and he was in consequence discharged. He immediately erected a printing-press in his house, in George Street, published a narrative of the transactions in which he had been engaged, and renewed the publication of the North Briton. He visited Paris a few months after, and was there challenged, in the month of August, by a Captain Forbes, who, standing forth as the champion of Scotland, asked satisfaction of him, as the editor and conductor of the North Briton, for the calumnies heaped upon his native country. Mr. Wilkes behaved on this occasion with much moderation, and declared himself no prize-fighter. Being again urged, however, though in terms of politeness, he half complied, but was in the mean while put under an arrest by

the marshals of France, to whom he pledged his honour not to fight on French ground. When set at liberty he proceeded to Menin, and there awaited his challenger : but no meeting took place. The winter now advancing, Mr. Wilkes returned to England, previous to the opening of Parliament, and again took upon himself the superintendence of the North Briton. Mr. Martin, member for Camelford, and late Secretary to the Treasury, having been treated in that paper with much asperity, at length took occasion to say in a very full House of Commons, that the writer of the North Briton, who attacked him, was a cowardly as well as malignant scoundrel. Mr. Wilkes, though present, took no notice of the expression in the House, but early on the following morning dispatched a note to Mr. M. avowing himself to be the au-



thor of all the passages complained of —an immediate rencontre took place at the ring in Hyde Park.

“ When the gentlemen met, they walked together for a little while to avoid some company which seemed coming up to them. They brought each a pair of pistols. When they were alone, the first fire was from Mr. M.’s pistol: Mr. M.’s pistol missed Mr. W. and the pistol in Mr. W.’s hand flashed in the pan. The gentlemen then each took one of Mr. W.’s pair of pistols: Mr. W. missed, and the ball of Mr. M.’s pistol lodged in Mr. W.’s belly: Mr. W. bled immediately very much. Mr. M. then came up, and desired to give all the assistance in his power. Mr. Wilkes replied, that Mr. M. had behaved like a man of honour; that he was killed, and insisted on Mr. M.’s making his immediate escape, and

no creature should know from Mr. W. how the affair happened. Upon this they parted; but Mr. M. came up again in two or three minutes to Mr. W. offering him a second time his assistance, but Mr. W. again insisted on his going off. Mr. M. expressed his concern for Mr. W.; said the thing was too well known by several people, who came up almost directly; and then went away. Mr. W. was carried home, but would not tell any circumstance of the case till he found it so much known. He only said to the surgeon, &c. that it was an affair of honour. The day following, Mr. W. imagining himself in the greatest danger, returned Mr. M. his letter, that no evidence might appear against him; and insisted upon it with his relations, that in case of his death no trouble should be given to Mr. M. for he had behaved as a man of honour."

Mr. Martin was afterwards made the hero of Churchill's Duellist.

Whilst confined by the wound received in this encounter, the public sympathy in his behalf was still further awakened by an attack made upon him by one Dunn, who was overheard to threaten the life of Mr. Wilkes, and appears to have sought an interview, chiefly that he might put his threat in execution.

Mr. Wilkes, on the first day of the session of Parliament, had risen to address the chair of the Speaker on the subject of his privilege as a member of that House having been violated. It had usually been considered as the established custom of Parliament to enter upon the discussion of breaches of privilege before all other matters: In this instance the custom was overruled, and a message from the Sovereign was conveyed to the Commons, informing them,

that J. Wilkes, Esq. was the author of a most seditious and dangerous paper, and acquainting them with the measures which had been resorted to by the servants of the Crown. The House, the proofs of the libel being entered upon, proceeded to vote, that No. 45 of the North Briton was, as it had been represented to be, a false, scandalous, and malicious libel, &c. and it was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. A day having been appointed for the hearing of Mr. Wilkes's defence against the charge of being the author of the libel, he thought it proper to acquaint the House of the incapacity occasioned by his wound, and further time was in consequence allowed him. The House, however, suspecting some unnecessary delay, appointed Dr. Heberden and Mr. Hawkins to attend him, in addition to his own surgeon and physician; and



further ordered them to report the state of his health. Mr. Wilkes politely rejected the offer of their visit. The House, he said, had desired them to visit him, but had forgotten to desire him to receive them, which he most certainly should not.

At the same time, in vindication of the professional gentlemen whom he himself had employed, he sent for Dr. Duncan, one of his Majesty's physicians in ordinary, and Mr. Myddleton, one of his Majesty's serjeant-surgeons, humourously telling them, that as the House of Commons thought it fit that he should be watched, he himself thought two *Scotchmen* most proper for his spies. About a week after he suddenly withdrew to France; a retreat which prudence, not timidity, occasioned. His circumstances were much involved, and, though fearless to encounter any peril, by which reputa-

tion was to be gained, he yet thought it wise to avoid the risk of suffering through those more private claims, against which there was no just defence, and from resisting which no honour could be acquired. From Paris, where he sought an asylum, he certified to the Speaker of the House of Commons, by the signatures of the physician of the King of France, and other gentlemen, his confinement to his room, and the impossibility, from his state of health, of his venturing to undertake the journey back to England. Unsatisfied, of course, with the neglect with which the House had passed over his complaint of privilege, he however had sufficient ground for triumph in the verdict found for him in the Court of Common Pleas. He had early brought his action against Robert Wood, Esq. the Under-secretary of State, for the seizure of his papers, as the sup-

posed author of the North Briton. It was tried, before a special jury, on the 6th of December, and 1000*l.* damages were given. The charge to the jury, delivered by Lord Chief Justice Pratt, concluded thus:—"This warrant is unconstitutional, illegal, and absolutely void; it is a general warrant, directed to four messengers, to take up any persons, without naming or describing them with any certainty, and to apprehend them, together with their papers. If it be good, a Secretary of State can delegate and depute any of the messengers, or any even from the lowest of the people, to take examinations, to commit, or to release, and do every act which the highest judicial officers the law knows, can do or order. There is no order in our law-books that mentions these kinds of warrants, but several that in express words condemn them. Upon the maturest

consideration, I am bold to say, that this warrant is illegal ; but I am far from wishing a matter of this consequence to rest solely on my opinion ; I am only one of twelve, whose opinions I am desirous should be taken in this matter, and I am very willing to allow myself to be the meanest of the twelve. There is also a still higher court, before which this matter may be canvassed, and whose determination is final ; and here I cannot help observing the happiness of our constitution in admitting these appeals, in consequence of which, material points are determined on the most mature consideration, and with the greatest solemnity. To this admirable delay of the law (for in this case the law's delay may be styled admirable) I believe it is chiefly owing that we possess the best digested, and most excellent body of law, which any nation on the face of the globe, whe-



ther ancient or modern, could ever boast. If these higher jurisdictions should declare my opinion erroneous, I submit, as will become me, and kiss the rod ; but I must say, I shall always consider it as a rod of iron for the chastisement of the people of Great Britain." Without any fantastic or youthful love of liberty, the name of Pratt ought ever to be held dear in the estimation of Englishmen. They who are aware what professional feelings are, who are aware too what the feelings of a judge in this country are likely to be, most "chary of reputation," and jealous of legal knowledge, will surely attribute to nothing but conviction, the judgment thus manfully delivered. To a lawyer also the force of precedents will ever seem greater, than to other classes of thinking men ; and if it be recollected how sensitively the very mention of a bill of exceptions

has been received in modern days, in an instance too distinct from politics, and by a Chief Justice not deficient in hardihood ; praise cannot, I think, be withheld from him, who, with the wishes of the powers of his time against his decision, and in defiance of those various modes of appeal, which he himself pointed out, thus solemnly staked his legal name. Of any other than Lord Camden it would be unnecessary to speak thus long ; since to give their unbiassed judgments, free from all other considerations, is the characteristic of British judges. But there have not been wanting some, with regard to Lord Camden, who have believed, that rather from political feeling than his own firmly adopted judicial opinion, arose that conduct, which he pursued upon this occasion, and which he so admirably supported.

Mr. Wilkes's triumph was not with-

out cloud. His expulsion from the House of Commons was resolved upon the 19th of January 1764. On the 21st of February he was convicted in the Court of King's Bench, for republishing No. 45 of the North Briton, and also, upon a second indictment, for printing and publishing an "Essay on Woman." This Essay (in its printed state at least) was the produce of the hours wasted in the society of Medmenham Abbey; the fruit of the habits perfected, if not acquired, in that admirable academy. Never having read the poem, I am unable to pass any judgment either upon its folly or enormity; but there can be no doubt as to the judgment which ought to be passed upon its being, at this juncture, dragged into light. Mr. Wilkes, it has already been hinted, was one of a party which amused itself by the celebration of mad orgies at

Medmenham Abbey, a large mansion (formerly a convent of Cistercian monks) situated on the banks of the Thames, near Marlow, in Buckinghamshire. Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord Le Despencer, was an active brother of the order, which, after him, was denominated Franciscan. A sketch of the mental drunkennesses of the place is to be found in *Chrysal*, as well as in "The Collection of Letters" of Mr. W. of 1769. Mr. Wilkes, having set up a printing-press, was induced to have twelve copies of this poem struck off, perhaps to be presented to the members of the Abbey, who amounted to that number. Not a single impression however was in fact given to any one friend, nor was more than a fourth part of an intended volume ever worked off. Even this too had for months been disconti-



nued. Wilkes, however, was now a character of much popular importance, and it was resolved at all hazards to crush him. The counsels of anger are rarely wise. They could know little of human nature who promised themselves success from an artifice like that resorted to upon this occasion—To damn their enemy, they damned themselves. A domestic of Mr. Wilkes's was encouraged to steal one of the copies; it was put into the hands of Lord Sandwich, the Secretary of State; and Bishop Warburton's name having been ludicrously annexed to it, it was complained of by Lord S. to the House of Lords. "I never before heard the devil preach against sin," said Lord Le Despencer, who, though a placeman and a courtier, yet condemned this breach of honour in his brother peer. The people of Eng-

land are a moral people : it was expected that they would hear with indignation this folly of their favourite, and that the number of his partisans would necessarily diminish. The people of England, however, were wise enough to perceive that this charge was wholly unconnected with the public contest then waging betwixt Administration and Mr. W. They could not but know, that of the two accusations (that of republishing the North Briton, and of publishing the Essay), if the first had not been made, the second would never have existed. They reasoned, or felt at least, in the way the poet Cowper has made his Sovereign reason, "Business must be done—men of business alone can do it, and good men are rarely found under this description." They, perhaps too, thought that from some necessity like this must

the appointment of Lord Sandwich to the Secretaryship of State have arisen : for he was known to have been a Knight-companion in all the excesses in which Wilkes had shared. When at the same time it was found that he wanted that “honour of a gentleman” which gilded over the vices of their champion, is it wonderful that they transferred to those who preferred the charge, that indignation, which, it was hoped, they would feel with respect to him, *against* whom the charge was preferred? Mr. Wilkes became still more a favourite, for he appeared to suffer persecution : his cause became still more a public cause, because his destruction more evidently than before was the object of Government.

But though he rather gained than lost favour with the *people*, it certainly

furnished him with no legal defence. Yet though legally he might, and was, truly said to have published this poem, in the larger meaning of the term, he, morally, can scarcely be considered as having done so ; and perhaps scarcely, in *strictness*, of having *intended* to do so. Certain it is, that no public depravity could well *ensue* from an impression so limited as that taken of the work in question. Mr. Wilkes being found guilty on both informations, and neglecting to make any personal appearance, when called upon to receive the judgment of the Court of King's Bench, was, towards the close of the year, outlawed. He addressed, from Paris, a Letter, in defence of his public conduct, to the worthy Electors of the Borough of Aylesbury, which was read with much avidity.

And here seemed to close his adven-

tures : but it was in reality a mere *pause* of action. There was yet a more intricate knot to be wound, and yet a more surprising denouement to take place as its consequence. The years 1765 and 1766 he passed in a journey through Italy. He knew too well, however, the nature of the multitude, not to be aware that a long retirement would soon cause him to be forgotten, even by those whose sympathy in his favour was most warm. When the Duke of Grafton, therefore, became Minister, towards the end of 1766, Mr. Wilkes solicited, in a letter to him, the clemency of his Sovereign ; and finding his address but faintly listened to, he, in a second letter to the same nobleman, again called the public attention to his case.

It is in this letter that he makes the declaration noticed by the eloquent au-



thor of the "History of the Life of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham," that his Lordship had seen and applauded the "Essay on Woman" some years before it was brought forward as an instrument of his ruin. "If I were to take the declarations made by himself and the late Mr. Potter *à la lettre*, they were more charmed with those verses after the ninety-ninth reading than after the first; so that from this circumstance, as well as some of his speeches in Parliament, it seems to be likewise true of the first orator, or rather the first comedian of our age, *non displicuisse illi jocos, sed non contigisse.*" Yet for these very verses Mr. Pitt, in a debate, scrupled not to name their author "a blasphemer of his God." Mr. Wilkes's situation, with relation to Lord Chatham, was peculiarly delicate. Lord Chatham was the brother-in-law of Lord Temple, his

dearest patron and friend. Every worldly motive opposed an attack upon Lord Chatham, but his spirit suffered him not to be trampled upon with impunity. The Duke of Grafton, when applied to (the Duke also had been a fellow-reveller), referred him to Lord Chatham—"The Duke did nothing without Lord Chatham." "When I found that my pardon was to be bought with the sacrifice of my honour, I had the virtue not to hesitate. I spurned at the proposal, and left my dear native London, with a heart full of *grief* that my fairest hopes were blasted, of *humiliation*, that I had given an easy faith to the promises of a minister and a courtier, and of astonishment that a nobleman of parts and discernment could continue in an infatuation, from which the conduct of Lord Chatham had recovered every other man in the nation."

Of all the pictures drawn for Lord Chatham by his opponents, that drawn by Mr. Wilkes has, perhaps, the most spirit; and as, in my judgment, it is the most finished passage in all Mr. W.'s political compositions, I am tempted, though somewhat long, to transcribe it.

“Of all political adventurers Mr. Pitt has been the most successful, according to the venal ideas of modern statesmen. *Pulteney* sold the people only for a barren title. The mercenary *Pitt* disposed of his popularity like an exchange-broker. Besides the same title with the other apostate, *Pitt* secured from the Crown a large *family pension*, and the lucrative *sinecure of the Privy Seal*, which he held for a few years. His retreat into the House of Lords was a political demise. He *passed away*, but is not yet quite forgotten. His

treachery to the cause of the people still loads his memory with curses.

“ He raised himself to the greatest offices of the state by the rare talent of command in a popular assembly. He was, indeed, born an orator, and from nature possessed every outward requisite to bespeak respect, and even awe. A manly figure, with the eagle-face of the famous *Condé*, fixed your attention, and almost commanded reverence, the moment he appeared ; and the keen lightnings of his eye spoke the haughty, fiery soul, before his lips had pronounced a syllable. His *tongue dropped venom*. There was a kind of fascination in his look when he eyed any one *askance*.

“ Nothing could withstand the force of that contagion. The fluent *Murray* has faltered, and even *Fox* shrunk back appalled from an adversary *fraught with fire unquenchable*, if I may borrow the

expression of our great *Milton*. He always cultivated the art of speaking with the most intense care and application. He has passed his life in the culling of words, the arrangement of phrases, and choice of metaphors, yet his theatrical manner did more than all, for his speeches could not be read. There was neither sound reasoning, nor accuracy of expression, in them. He had not the power of argument, nor the correctness of language, so striking in the great Roman orator, but he had the *verba ardentia*, the bold glowing words. This merit was confined to his speeches: for his writings were always cold, lifeless, and incorrect, totally void of elegance and energy, sometimes even offending against the plainest rules of construction. In the pursuit of eloquence he was indefatigable. He dedicated all his powers and faculties, and he sacrificed every pleasure



of social life, even in youth, to the single point of talking well.

Multa tulit fecitque puer ; sudavit et alsit ;  
*Abstinuit venere et vino,*

to a greater degree almost than any man of this age. He acknowledged that, when he was young, he *always* came late into company, and left it early. He affected at first a sovereign contempt of money, and when he was Paymaster made a parade of two or three very public acts of disinterestedness. When he had effectually duped his credulous friends, as well as a timid ministry, and obtained enormous legacies, pensions, and sinecure places, the mask dropped off. Private interest afterwards appeared to be the only idol to which he sacrificed. The old Duke of Newcastle used to say, *that Mr. Pitt's talents would*

not have got him forty pounds a year in any country but this.

“ At his entrance into Parliament he attacked *Sir Robert Walpole* with indecent acrimony, and continued the persecution to the last moment of that Minister’s life. He afterwards paid servile and fulsome compliments to his memory, not from conviction, as appeared from many other particulars, but to get over a few *Walpolians*. He had no fixed principle, but that of his own advancement. He declared for and against continental connexions, for and against German wars, for and against Hanoverian subsidies, &c. &c. still preserving an unblushing, *unembarrassed* countenance, and was the most perfect contradiction of a man to himself which the world ever saw. If his speeches in Parliament had been faithfully published to the English, soon after they were de-

livered, as those of Demosthenes and Cicero were to the Greeks and Romans, he would have been very early detected, and utterly cast off by his countryman.

“ He is said to be still living at *Hayes, in Kent.*”

The remembrance of Mr. Wilkes, still in exile in France, was kept alive in the year 1767 by “ A Collection of the genuine Papers, Letters, &c. in the Case of J. Wilkes, late Member for Aylesbury in the County of Bucks; *à Paris, chez J. W. imprimeur, Rue du Colombier, Fauxburgh St. Germain, à l'Hotel de Saxe.*” In 1768 he again appeared *personally* upon the theatre of public action. On the 4th of March he addressed a letter of submission to the King, which was delivered by his servant at Buckingham Gate. This, like his first letter to the Duke of Grafton, supplicated pardon. He owed to his discretion that he was

enabled to do this without meanness. In no one syllable of his otherwise offensive publications had he offended against the personal respect due to the prince on the throne. By distinguishing on every occasion between the Sovereign and his Ministers, he had with the greatest care avoided the possibility of such an imputation.

As the constitution authorizes this distinction by the maxim "the King can do no wrong," it were to be wished that the Sovereign himself could, in conformity to the maxim, on all occasions raise himself above all private feelings of displeasure. Perhaps, however, it were asking more of human nature than can soberly be looked for. If trust is to be reposed, it naturally will be reposed in those who are personally known and regarded. Having once reposed trust, it is not easy to consider the acts of

those who have been trusted as wholly indifferent. The very act of reposing confidence implies a preference: about the conduct of those who are preferred it is scarcely possible not to be anxious, and anxiety will necessarily create displeasure towards whatsoever thwarts the success of that conduct. This displeasure and this apathy are, like all other human feelings, to be judged of, not in the abstract, but according as to their predominance they are pernicious or useful to the public interests. To the general character of the Sovereign the love of his people best will speak, and few monarchs have on the whole more possessed the personal affection of their subjects than the King. Against Mr. Wilkes, however, considerable displeasure is, at this period, said to have been entertained. So ungrateful was the sound of Wilkes and No. 45 deemed to



be to the high personage who is now spoken of, that about 1772 a prince of the blood, then a mere boy, having been chid for some boyish fault, and wishing to take his boyish revenge, is related to have done so by stealing to the King's apartment, shouting at the door "Wilkes and No. 45 for ever!" and speedily running away. It is hardly necessary to add, (for who knows not the domestic amiableness of George the Third?) that his Majesty laughed at the trick with his accustomed good humour. It must be owned, indeed, that, *after* 1770, Mr. Wilkes must still have been more obnoxious than at the period at which his letter was presented: the transactions of the two intervening years are such as to afford cause for deep lamentation, that his prayer had not been heard with indulgence. A pardon at that moment would have disarmed him for ever. But

he was not a man easily to yield to difficulties. His petition never reaching the royal ear, or reaching it, being rejected, he determined upon a step which, like the rapid march of a skilful general, was calculated to ensure victory by exciting surprise. It was a plan similar to that of seizing by a *coup de main* the metropolis of an empire; and the plan was successful. Parliament was now drawing nigh to the term of its natural expiration: it was dissolved, and writs issued for the election of a new one. On the 11th of March the public were awakened by the following address:

“ *To the Liverymen of the City of  
London.*

“ Gentlemen and Fellow-citizens,

“ In deference to the opinion of some very respectable friends, I presume

to offer myself a candidate for my native city of London, at the ensuing general election. The approbation you have been pleased on several occasions to express of my conduct, induces me to hope that the address I have now the honour of making to you, will not be unfavourably received. The chief merit with you, gentlemen, I know to be a sacred love of liberty, and of those generous principles, which at first gave, and have since secured to this nation, the great charter of freedom. I will yield to none of my countrymen in this noble zeal, which has always characterized Englishmen. I may appeal to my whole conduct, both in and out of Parliament, for the demonstration that such principles are deeply rooted in my heart, and that I have steadily pursued the interests of my country, without regard to the powerful enemies I created, or the

manifest dangers in which I must thence be necessarily involved ; and that I have fulfilled the duties of a good subject. The two important questions of public liberty, respecting general warrants and the seizure of papers, may perhaps place me among those who have deserved well of mankind, by an undaunted firmness, perseverance, and probity ; these are the virtues which your ancestors never failed to exert in the same national cause of liberty, and the world will see renewed in their descendants on every great call of freedom and our country. The nature and dignity of the trust, gentlemen, which I now solicit, strike me very forcibly. I feel the warmest zeal for your interests, and affection for your service. I am conscious how unequal my abilities are, yet fidelity and integrity shall in some measure compensate that deficiency, and I will endeavour through



life to merit the continuance of your approbation ; the most precious reward to which I aspire. If I am honoured with so near a relation to you, it will be my ambition to be useful, to dedicate myself to your service, and to discharge with spirit and assiduity, the various and important duties of the distinguished station in which I may be placed by the favour of you, gentlemen, the Livery of London.

“ I am, with the utmost respect,

“ Your most faithful and

“ Obedient humble servant,

“ *March 10,*                      “ JOHN WILKES.

“ 1768.”

Nothing could well be more adventurous than this declaration. Broken in fortune, outlawed, two convictions upon record against him, should that outlawry be reversed, the Throne and its ministers



arrayed in opposition to him, unsupported as heretofore by connexion with the great, with nothing on his side but the favour of the multitude—relying upon that favour, and animated with an undaunted spirit of energy, he took his stand, and dared his antagonists to remove him. This stand was not made unadvisedly. His letter of submission to the King was written on the 4th of March, his address to the liverymen of London on the 10th of the same month. It was probably *intended* as prelude to the course upon which he had determined. It was not the mere populace only that supported him. He was looked up to by the middle ranks of society as a martyr for their rights. The fate of the letter in no way could have been other than of advantage to him. If received with benignity, and his pardon granted, from many of his difficulties he

would have instantly been relieved. Couched in terms of humility to the Sovereign, yet as it still arraigned the former servants of the Crown, he perhaps scarcely expected it would be treated otherwise than it was. If unnoticed, or rejected, as the enmity borne towards his person and his cause would be more apparent, his claim upon the affection of the people would of course be strengthened. His outlawry was, he knew, no bar to his return to Parliament. Precedents of outlaws sitting as representatives existed, at once precise and numerous. The love of the people was his ; to that he trusted, and through that he triumphed. He threw himself into their embrace, and it at length bore him safely to shore

———præcep̄ saltu sese omnibus armis  
 In fluvium dedit : ille suo cum gurgite flavo  
 Accepit venientem, ac mollibus extulit ulnis.

The election for the city of London took place on the 16th. Six candidates started along with him; and though finally the lowest in number on the poll, he yet had a respectable minority of votes. Baffled in the city, he declared himself a candidate for the county. The sympathy of popular opinion in the interval spread from man to man. The beacon on one hill was answered by the flame kindled on the next. They were friendly signals, that the country was in arms for his defence. He carried his election for Middlesex on Monday the 28th, against two gentlemen of large property and hereditary interest, and carried it by a great majority. The whole poll was conducted with the greatest regularity and order, nor was the least violence offered to the voters of either party.

Mr. Wilkes, on the 22d, a week pre-

vious to the day of election for Middlesex, wrote to the Solicitor of the Treasury, intimating his intention, in the ensuing term, to appear personally in the Court of King's Bench. Mr. Wilkes fulfilled his engagement, and no sooner had finished the address in which he surrendered himself up to the discretion of the Court, than the Attorney General moved for his instant commitment upon the outlawry. Mr. Attorney General (Thurlow) was replied to by Mr. Serjeant Glynn and other counsel, who moved, on their part, for a writ of error : it had before been demanded of the law-officers of the Crown, and had been refused. Lord Mansfield and the rest of the judges concurred in opinion that they could not commit upon a voluntary appearance. " The Attorney General could not with the least appearance of reason or law move for the commitment,

of a person who was not legally before them ; nor had the counsel for the defendant any better plea for their motion in favour of a man who appeared in Court gratis." Both parties were dismissed. On the 27th, at noon, Mr. Wilkes was served with a writ of *capias utlagatum*, and in about a week after, writs of error were allowed. Bail, offered on behalf of Mr. W. was rejected by the Attorney General, and he was consequently ordered to the King's Bench Prison. The uproar of the multitude during these events, and the armed preparation and military precaution of the ministry, are well known. Mr. W.'s letter of thanks to the electors of Middlesex on his being chosen their representative, was written to them, from prison, on the 5th of May. The argument upon the outlawry was heard upon the 7th of the same month, and on the 9th of June



in the following term it was finally reversed.

Having before quoted a judgment of Lord Chief Justice Pratt, I shall possibly be forgiven by those who are likely to be the readers of these volumes, should I transcribe the still more eloquent conclusion of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield's judgment upon the present subject. " I have now gone through the several errors assigned by the defendant, and which have been ingeniously argued, and confidently relied on, by his counsel at the bar : I have given my sentiments upon them ; and if, upon the whole, after the closest attention to what has been said, and with the strongest inclination in favour of the defendant, no arguments which have been urged, no cases which have been cited, no reasons that occur to me, are sufficient to satisfy me in my conscience and judgment, that this out-

lawry should be reversed, I am bound to affirm it—and here let me pause. Many arguments have been suggested, both in and out of Court, upon the consequences of establishing this outlawry, either as they may affect the defendant as an individual, or the public in general. As to the first, whatever they may be, the defendant has brought them upon himself; they are inevitable consequences of law arising from his own act; if the penalty, to which he is thereby subjected, is more than a punishment adequate to the crime he has committed, he should not have brought himself into this unfortunate predicament, by flying from the justice of his country; he thought proper to do so, and he must taste the fruits of his own conduct, however bitter and unpalatable they may be; and, although we may be heartily sorry for any person who has

brought himself into this situation, it is not in our power, God forbid it should ever be in our power, to deliver him from it. We cannot prevent the judgment of the law by creating irregularities in the proceedings; we cannot prevent the consequences of that judgment by pardoning the crime; if the defendant has any pretensions to mercy, those pretensions must be urged, and that power exercised, in another place, where the constitution has wisely and necessarily vested it: the Crown will judge for itself; it does not belong to us to interfere with punishment; we have only to declare the law; none of us had any concern in the prosecution of this business, nor any wishes upon the event of it; it was not our fault that the defendant was prosecuted for the libels upon which he has been convicted; I took no share in another place, in the

measures which were taken to prosecute him for one of them ; it was not our fault that he was convicted ; it was not our fault that he was outlawed ; it was not our fault that he rendered himself up to justice ; none of us revived the prosecution against him ; nor could any one of us stop that prosecution when it was revived : it is not our fault if there are not any errors upon the record, nor is it in our power to create any if there are none ; we are bound by our oath and our consciences to give such a judgment as the law will warrant, and as our reason will approve ; such a judgment as we must stand or fall by, in the opinion of the present times, and of posterity ; in doing it, therefore, we must have regard to our reputation as honest men, and men of skill and knowledge competent to the stations we hold ; no considerations whatsoever should mislead

us from this great object, to which we ever ought, and, I trust, ever shall direct our attention. But, consequences of a public nature, reasons of state, political ones, have been strongly urged (private anonymous letters sent to me I shall pass over), open avowed publications, which have been judicially noticed, and may therefore be mentioned, have endeavoured to influence or intimidate the Court, and so prevail upon us to trifle and prevaricate with God, our consciences, and the public. It has been intimated, that consequences of a frightful nature will flow from the establishment of this outlawry; it is said the people expect the reversal, that the temper of the times demands it, that the multitude will have it so, that the continuation of the outlawry in full force will not be endured, that the execution of the law upon the defendant will be



resisted : these are arguments which will not weigh a feather with me. If insurrection and rebellion are to follow our determination, we have not to answer for the consequences, though we should be the innocent cause—we can only say, *fiat justitia ruat cœlum* ; we shall discharge our duty without expectations of approbation, or the apprehensions of censure ; if we are subjected to the latter unjustly, we must submit to it ; we cannot prevent it ; we will take care not to deserve it. He must be a weak man indeed who can be staggered by such a consideration.

“ The misapprehension or the misrepresentation of the ignorant or the wicked, the *mendax infamia*, which is the consequence of both, are equally indifferent to, unworthy the attention of, and incapable of making any impression on men of firmness and intre-

pidity.—Those who imagine judges are capable of being influenced by such unworthy indirect means, most grossly deceive themselves ; and for my own part, I trust that my temper, and the colour and conduct of my life, have clothed me with a suit of armour to shield me from such arrows. If I have ever supported the King's measures, if I have ever afforded any assistance to Government ; if I have discharged my duty as a public or private character, by endeavouring to preserve pure and perfect the principles of the constitution, maintain unsullied the honour of the courts of justice, and, by an upright administration of, to give a due effect to, the laws ; I have hitherto done it without any other gift or reward than that most pleasing and most honourable one, the conscientious conviction of doing what was right. I do not affect to scorn the

opinion of mankind; I wish earnestly for popularity, I will seek and have popularity; but I will tell you how I will obtain it; I will have that popularity which follows, and not that which is run after. It is not the applause of a day, it is not the huzzas of thousands, that can give a moment's satisfaction to a rational being: that man's mind must indeed be a weak one, and his ambition of a most depraved sort, who can be satisfied with such wretched allurements, or satisfied with such momentary gratifications. I say with the Roman orator, and can say it with as much truth as he did, *Ego hoc animo semper fui, ut invidiam virtute partam, gloriam non infamiam, putarem.* But the threats have been carried further; personal violence has been denounced, unless public humour be complied with. I do not fear such threats, I do not believe there is

any reason to fear them : it is not the genius of the worst men in the worst of times to proceed to such shocking extremities : but if such an event should happen, let it be so ; even such an event might be productive of wholesome effects ; such a stroke might rouse the better part of the nation from their lethargic condition to a state of activity to assert and execute the law, and punish the daring and impious hands which had violated it ; and those who now supinely behold the danger which threatens all liberty, from the most abandoned licentiousness, might, by such an event, be awakened to a sense of their situation, as drunken men are sometimes stunned into sobriety. If the security of our persons and our property, of all we hold dear and valuable, are to depend upon the caprice of a giddy multitude, or be at the disposal of a giddy mob ; if, in

compliance with the humours, and to appease the clamours of those, all civil and political institutions are to be disregarded or overthrown, a life somewhat more than sixty is not worth preserving at such a price, and he can never die too soon who lays down his life in support and vindication of the policy, the government, and the constitution of his country\*.”

The Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench gave a judgment as to learning and to bearing, not differing

\* To this, in “A Complete Collection of the genuine Papers, Letters, &c. in the Case of J. Wilkes, Esq.” published by Mr. W. at Berlin, 1769, are subjoined these queries :

1. Is not this rather a panegyric on the speaker himself, than a discourse on the reversal of the outlawry ?

2. Would it not have been more proper for the establishment than the reversal of the outlawry, &c. ?—The reversal was for a defect in form.



from that delivered *seriatim* by the other judges. But such was his dignity of manner, and such the high tone of feeling with which he poured forth his polished periods, that the very populace, which thronged tumultuously the immense hall, "heard away their rage" as they hung attentive upon his accents. The contrast between him and his brothers of the bench was such, that Mr. Wilkes himself exclaimed, when one of them had ended his harangue in phrase more rude and barren than the rest, "This is a draught of hog-wash after a bottle of champagne."

The outlawry reversed, objections were next taken to the verdicts found against him. Amongst others, one was vehemently urged on the ground of the informations having been altered by Lord Mansfield, without the consent of the solicitor of the defendant, the evening

previous to the trial. The word *tenor* was substituted for *purport*. That it was altered without the consent of the defendant's agent is true; but in none but a political cause would a practitioner of experience have withheld his consent.

The objections were over-ruled; and he was sentenced, for re-printing and publishing the North Briton, No. 45, to pay a fine of 500*l.*, and (having already been imprisoned two) to a confinement of ten months longer. For publishing the Essay on Woman his sentence was to pay a second fine of 500*l.* and to be imprisoned for another twelvemonth. He was at the expiration of these terms to find securities for his future conduct during seven years, himself under a penalty of 1000*l.* his sureties in 500*l.* each. This judgment was far milder than had been expected

by the public: and it is said indeed that Mr. Wilkes might, had he chosen so to do, have certainly made, at this period, his peace with Government. A negotiation was opened with him upon the subject, with the knowledge of the Duke of Grafton (the Prime Minister), and one condition only was proposed to him, in which he refused to concur. Mr. Wilkes declared, on the 3d of November, to the freeholders of Middlesex, that he should shortly present to the House of Commons a petition relative to his case, upon which he should demand their decision. This, Administration foresaw, would necessarily involve in its discussion all the transactions of the late Parliament. The condition therefore proposed, upon which he was to take his seat unimpeded, was, that this petition should not be presented. A pledge, however, he conceived had

been given to the contrary, and from this public pledge he resolved not to withdraw. The petition was laid before the House on the following day by Sir J. Mawbey. It was received as the declaration of a second war.

On the 10th of May the populace had assembled in great numbers about the neighbourhood of the King's Bench Prison, where Mr. Wilkes was in confinement. The riot-act was read by the justices of Surrey, and the mob not dispersing, the military was imprudently ordered to fire: several persons were slightly wounded, some more seriously, and one was killed on the spot. Lord Weymouth, the Secretary of State, had written to the magistrates a letter dated April 17, exhorting them to firmness in the suppression of any popular tumult which might arise: and Lord Barrington, the Secretary at War, returned

written thanks after the fatal 10th of May, in the name of his Majesty, to the officers and soldiers of that regiment of guards, which had been employed upon the occasion. These two letters were transmitted to the newspapers by Mr. Wilkes, accompanied with some prefatory remarks, in which he termed the unhappy transaction a massacre. Of these remarks he avowed himself, at the bar of the House of Commons, to be the author. The remarks were voted libellous, and he, as the author of them, was expelled. If the people were irritated before, they were still more irritated now. If Mr. Wilkes was dear to them before, he was now endeared to them tenfold. If *before* the voice of the county of Middlesex was favourable to him, it was now wholly his own : it uttered no sound but that of his name, unless it was the cry " Liberty," which,



echoed far and wide, was considered as almost synonymous with "Wilkes." He was rechosen on the 16th of February, without opposition. On the following day he was declared by a majority of the House of Commons *incapable* of being elected into that Parliament, and the election was vacated. This was assuming at once that the expulsion of a member of Parliament was equivalent to exclusion; and that a single branch of the legislature could control by its fiat the choice of electors however explicitly declared. But it rested not here. On the 17th of February, the day after his re-election, Mr. Wilkes was again expelled, the House resolving that he was incapable of being elected into that Parliament. Notwithstanding this resolution, he was a third time elected, again without opposition; a Mr. Dingley indeed offering himself as

a candidate, but not obtaining a single freeholder even to nominate him. That election was also, on the next day, declared void. On the 13th of April Mr. Wilkes was, a fourth time, elected by a majority of 1143 votes, against Mr. Luttrell, who had only 296. The same day the House of Commons resolved "that Mr. Luttrell ought to have been returned." On the 29th of April a petition was presented by Sir George Saville, from the freeholders of Middlesex, declaring that their intention was not, in voting for Mr. Wilkes, to throw away those votes, or waive their right of representation, and praying therefore against the return of Mr. Luttrell. Notwithstanding which it was finally determined, on the 8th of May, "that Mr. Luttrell was duly elected." Mr. Wilkes's contests, like the battles of Homer, arose one above the other in

progressive majesty. Not *within* the walls of the legislative assemblies only was it fought, but *without* also ; in the wider plains of literature, of *general* intellect, and *general* feeling. In this, his fiercest and most important fight, the immortals descended into the war. The gravity of Johnson, biassed by its favourite political prepossessions, brought forward to the aid of power its impressive weight. The sage Blackstone, with his book of wisdom, the characters of which were attempted to be read against him, supported also the cause of ministers. Burke, more subtle, if less vehement than in latter days, broke his lance in defence of popular right ; Burke, supporting as utility seemed to him to require, the people or the throne ; and turning, like the poet's feigned Almanzor, in favour of the weaker side, the scale of fortune. Above all, the fiery,

and the rapid, Junius, in dazzling armour, but his beaver down, coursed along the lists, scattering lightnings round him. Nor were the thunders rolled in the senate less awful than the eloquence of the press. Lord Chatham, how much soever he had once personally condemned Mr. Wilkes, was now, with the fulness of his great soul, of his party ; for his party was that of the constitution. He quoted Lord Somers and Lord Holt ; “ he called them honest men, who knew and loved the English constitution. I vow to God (to Lord Mansfield, who defended the measures of the majority), I vow to God, I think your Lordship equals them both in *abilities*. The House of Lords is privileged to interfere, in the case of an invasion of the people’s liberties, and the case of the county of Middlesex is a case of such invasion.”

When the passions cease to be interested, a conclusion is often without difficulty arrived at, which is in vain sought for, whilst they are alive and at work. They are busy artists, and throw, with intellectual prisms, the hue of inclination upon almost every object.

The *pour* and the *contre* of this question were doubtless agitated in its day with much and equal sincerity by many. With many it still, possibly, continues to be a question of intricacy. But as the great *British* Statesman \* asserted to his constituents, with rela-

\* The recollection, that the great statesman alluded to *thought* in early life of this measure as the ministers of the day *acted*, ought to be an antidote to the vanity, which would tempt any of us to treat with arrogance those who hold opinions adverse to our own. He then was only beginning to think, or at the least had not learnt to think *alone*. Whilst he, however, was Secretary of State, was this resolution expunged from the Journals.



tion to the necessity of the late war, that it admitted of an easier and more positive decision than questions of a similar nature usually did: so, certainly, it appears to me, that “the Middlesex case” is of a far less dubitable nature than it was accounted at the time. It was by the Charter, the Great Charter of our Liberties, clearly settled, “that no freeman shall be disseised of his freehold, or liberties, or free customs, unless by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land.” It is also settled, by the decision of our highest court of judicature, “that every man has a right to his freehold by the common law; and the law having annexed the right of voting to his freehold, it is of the nature of his freehold, and must depend upon it.” “It is absurd to say, the electors’ right of choosing is founded upon the law and custom

of Parliament. It is an original right, part of the constitution of the kingdom, as much as is Parliament, from whence the persons elected to serve in Parliament derive their authority, and can have no other but that which is given to them, by those that have the original right to choose them." The right of the electors to choose whom they please, is not indeed disputed; but it is said, they can only choose those who are legally capable of being chosen, and that an expelled member by the law of Parliament, which is the law of the land, is incapable of being elected into the same Parliament.

The precedents on the Journals opposed each other. In 1698 a Mr. Wollaston was expelled, re-elected, and admitted to take his seat in the same sessions. Only thirteen years after, Mr. Walpole "having been this session of

Parliament committed a prisoner to the Tower of London, and expelled this House for an high breach of trust in the execution of his office, and notorious corruption when Secretary at War," was voted "to have been and to be incapable of being elected a member to serve in the present Parliament."

It is remarkable, that the resolution which seated Mr. Luttrell agreed in form with neither of the cited precedents. Both those resolutions not only mentioned the expulsion, but also mentioned its cause. The vote that excluded Mr. Wilkes, upon all the returns, assigned as the *sole* cause of his incapacity his expulsion, shutting out *intentionally* from the consideration of the electors, whether such expulsion was founded upon reasonable grounds or not. Nor was this the only point in which the resolution differed from the precedents,

upon which it was said to be built. Mr. Walpole being returned a second time, and having a majority of votes, was adjudged incapable; but his opponent was not seated—the election was declared void. Mr. Luttrell, on the contrary, was received at once as the legal representative. Even according to their own construction of the law of Parliament, the majority acted irregularly. But surely it may justly be doubted, whether a practice (that of considering expulsion as virtually the same with incapacitation) of so late a date as this in question, were it even more clear and undoubted than it really is; so long subsequent also to the establishment of those laws by which the freeholders sustained their right, ought in justice to control or supersede that right? Surely it was rashness to conclude, because the borough of Lynn acquiesced in the ex-

clusion of Mr. Walpole, the House of Commons assigning a most striking cause for their conduct, and sending back to the burgesses the member, to whom a minority of votes had been given, either to be rejected or re-chosen as the electors thought fit—that therefore the county of Middlesex was bound to acquiesce in the exclusion of him whom they had re-elected, no reason being given to them for his rejection but that he had been expelled—and that Mr. Luttrell should represent them without further appeal to their desires? Whether it be not fit to allow the House the power of expulsion, for flagrant offences, in the first instance, is not contested. The sending the member back to his constituents on such ground might be deemed a proper appeal to them; and it is not likely that the



constituents would *often* differ, were the cause of expulsion assigned, from the judgment of those who appealed to them. If they persevered in so doing, their perseverance ought either to be submitted to (for in them is lodged the choice); or should the object be indeed so important, the incapacity should be made an act of the legislature at large. If the resolution now stood on the Journals, a *discretionary* power of disabling whom they would, would at this day be vested in the House. For any offence, political or moral, a majority might expel, and a member once expelled would instantly be thrown aside from public service into the obscure Siberian desert of inactivity; a dreary region “unquam unde redire negatur” till a seven years penance should have expiated his arbitrarily imputed sins;

“Till the foul crimes, done in his days of nature,  
Are burnt and purg'd away.”

“His demum exactis, perfecto temporis orbe,  
Devenere locos lætos, et amœna vireta  
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.”

But it perhaps might be feared, that although within the guarded pale of this new elysium of purity and innocence, the “pii vates,”

“Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo—”

the bestowers of gifts and favours, might still be found ; yet that the free band “qui *ob patriam* pugnando vulnera passi,” as well as the “casti sacerdotes,” would be banished to “another air.”

The essence of a free government is, that impunity, if not reward, should be secured to the display of free thought and free action, as long as they are displayed within the rule and limit of

*declared and known* law. Surely Burke has said wisely, that the power, which in its exercise bows to no rule but its own discretion, *must* be beyond the just claims of a final judicature. “ Not one of their abettors has ever undertaken to assign the principle of unfitness, the species or degrees of delinquency, on which the House of Commons will expel, nor the mode of proceeding upon it, nor the evidence upon which it is established: the direct consequence of which is, that the first franchise of an Englishman, and that on which all the rest vitally depend, is to be forfeited for some offence which no man knows, and which is to be proved by no known rule whatsoever of legal evidence. This is so anomalous to our whole constitution, that I will venture to say, the most trivial right which the subject claims never

was nor can be forfeited in such a manner."

It may be incidentally observed, that Mr. Justice Blackstone, in his review of this important question, takes it for granted, that not only is a clergyman incapable of sitting in Parliament, but that no precedent of such a circumstance could be produced. It is now known, from a late investigation, that such precedents certainly exist. So difficult is it for the most learned to avoid error, unless they have purposely and expressly examined each individual point upon which they are led to touch.

It were perhaps an excess of refinement to suppose that Mr. Wilkes, when he returned from France, foresaw the conduct which would be adopted towards him, and knew the serious discussion which would arise from it. Yet,

in an address to the Liverymen of London after the poll for the City had finally closed, he tells them “ that *his friends were* of opinion that he should wait the dissolution of the last slavish and venal Parliament before he commenced his exertions.” Is it thence to be concluded, that before this period, whilst also under a sentence of expulsion, he had revolved the step which he afterwards took? However that may be, he undoubtedly did wisely in making the contest, rather between the House and a county like that of Middlesex, than with the borough of Aylesbury, or a place of inferior note. Not only did he acquire the advantage of numbers; but the imagination also, with respect to the trespass committed upon popular right, was necessarily more excited. I know not, however, that in an instance where the franchises of fewer electors had been in-



volved, the sentiment of the House of Commons would have been at all more readily or more unanimously fixed; for certainly one main and avowed object of the measure was to impress the governed with awe. It is even possible, if the incapacitation had related to the case of a member returned for a close borough (for instance, Sarum), as the ideas of property and possession would have been more strikingly intrinsic to the case, the majority would have hesitated at the act which it was meditating. Divided amongst numbers, the share of each (considered as a question of property) appeared so trivial, that the mind was easily led to suppose that, in taking it away, it scarcely committed wrong. A confused notion of the high power and dignity of the House, assisted by the hasty adoption of the known law (which,

in cases of *clear* incapacity established by the *Legislature* at large, determined the votes given to an ineligible candidate, to be absolutely null and void), might easily occasion, without gross depravity or corruption, the decision to which a heated majority unadvisedly came. If, however, the maxim be true in politics as it is in morals, that where the nature of an act is doubtful (if there be no paramount necessity, no *salus publica* requiring it), it is moral not to do it; it is impossible to acquit of *rashness* at least, the course pursued in this transaction. For, was the conquest of Mr. Wilkes really necessary to the safety and existence of the Government? There was little honour to be gained by victory, but much to be lost by defeat. The government of a great kingdom at war with a private individual! To Mr.

Wilkes most truly “non tam turpe fuit vinci quam contendisse decorum est.”

Few events have been attended with more signal and extended consequences than this. The reasonings used in relation to it, and the sentiments naturally awakened by and flowing from those reasonings, are asserted to have occasioned the American war. Certain it is, that the arguments by which the justice of that war was impugned, derived much of their force with the public from the freedom with which the right of representation and its supposed consequences had previously been canvassed. And if it be true also that the French Revolution is the offspring of the contention with our brethren of the western continent, the case of the Middlesex election becomes of still greater

import. It perhaps, therefore, will not be thought to have occupied too much space in this trifling memoir; though it may well be thought to deserve an investigation more profound than either time or his present opportunities of thought and information will now allow its writer to give it, even were his powers proportioned to his inclination. The case of the Middlesex election may be considered as the little speck seen in the horizon \*. In the American dispute it became the cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but hourly enlarging and overspreading the hemisphere, till, in the Revolution of France, it burst forth in destroying torrents. To the latter, indeed, it is peculiar that on the part of the people it was a struggle of aggression. However pure the inten-

\* See an eloquent Sermon of Dr. Watson, now Bishop of Llandaff.

tion of its early leaders, it must still be owned that no new grievance, no yoke unimposed before, aroused the spirit of opposition. In the latter instance, morality *might* have hesitated and drawn back; whilst, in the two former, nature and morality both might reasonably seem, *in due measure*, to command resistance.

To the vote of the 17th of February 1769, wisely and fortunately no resistance was made but the resistance of logic and complaint; the murmur was loud and long, but vented itself in the legal mode permitted and justified by the constitution. The petitions presented to Parliament were, by Lord Chatham, styled honourable and manly; by the partizans of Ministers seditious, by some of them even treasonable.

Petitions were succeeded by remonstrances, some of which were composed



in language sufficiently intemperate : but the flame, which Ministers had incautiously raised, they possessed not the courage to extinguish. They believed, probably, it would of itself in time consume and die away : they stood therefore wholly on the defensive, rejecting the propositions made in Parliament to rescind the resolution, but carefully avoiding to punish those, without doors, who complained, however rudely, of its injustice. Mr. Wilkes in the meanwhile, within the walls of the King's Bench prison, continued to pass a not inglorious confinement. From the time of his first election for Middlesex in March 1768, through the whole of the year 1769, and even far into 1772, he was the sole unrivalled political idol of the people, who lavished upon him all in their power to bestow, as if willing to prove that in England it *was* possible

for an individual to be great and important through *them alone*. A subscription was opened for the payment of his debts, and 20,000*l.* are said in a few weeks to have been raised for that purpose, and for the discharging his fine. The Society for the support of the Bill of Rights presented him with 300*l.* Gifts of plate, of wine, of household goods, were daily heaped upon him. An unknown patriot conveyed to him in a handsomely embroidered purse five hundred guineas. An honest chandler enriched him with a box containing of candles, the magic number of dozens, forty-five. High and low contended with each other who most should serve and celebrate him. Devices and emblems of all descriptions ornamented the trinkets conveyed to his prison: the most usual was the Cap of Liberty placed over his crest: upon others was

a bird with expanded wings, hovering over a cage, beneath a motto, "I love liberty." Every wall bore his name, and every window his portrait. In china, in bronze, or in marble, he stood upon the chimney-piece of half the houses of the metropolis: he swung upon the sign-post of every village, of every great road throughout the country. He was accustomed himself to tell with much glee of a monarchical old lady, behind whom he accidentally walked—looking up, she murmured, within his hearing, in much spleen, "He swings everywhere but where he ought:" he passed her, and, turning round, politely bowed. But the voice of disapprobation, whether of old women or of young, of men or of youths, was the voice of one amidst a thousand. The most grateful of all harmony, says Balzac, arises from the dissenting voice of a single individual,

when mixed in the general concert of public applause: the appetite for popularity is not often distinguishing; it loves to number rather than select.

“ Praise from the rivell'd lips of toothless, bald  
 Decrepitude; and in the looks of lean  
 And craving poverty; and in the bow  
 Respectful of the smutch'd artificer;  
 Is oft too welcome, and may much disturb  
 The biass of the purpose.”

What wonder then, if, accompanied by the praise also of the splendid, the polished, and the wealthy, it *invigorate* and *confirm* the purpose?

Amongst the public bodies that testified their approbation of his spirit, the city of London took the lead. As early as the 2d of January 1769, he was elected alderman of the ward of Faringdon Without: by a mistake in closing the poll-books the election however was pronounced void; but on the 27th of

the same month he was declared duly elected.

In November 1769, he brought his action against Lord Halifax, for false imprisonment and the seizure of his papers: he obtained a verdict of 4000*l*. On the 17th of April 1770, he was discharged from his imprisonment. On the 24th he was sworn as alderman.

In 1771 he seized the advantage afforded by his magisterial situation to make reprisals on the House of Commons. A messenger having orders from the House to command the attendance of a printer (against whom complaint was made that, contrary to the privileges of Parliament, he had published the Debates of the House), attempted in vain to execute what was required.

After several fruitless visitations, the Serjeant at Arms reported that the printer was not to be met with. An address



to the Sovereign was drawn up, in pursuance of which a proclamation was issued, offering for the apprehension of the printer a considerable reward. He was apprehended, and the reward claimed. Mr. Alderman Wilkes discharged him, as apprehended under an illegal warrant, and bound over the printer to prosecute the party apprehending him for an assault. He at the same time wrote a letter to Lord Halifax, the Secretary of State, acquainting him with what had been done. The same conduct was adopted by Mr. Alderman Oliver, and the Lord Mayor, Brass Crosby, with relation to other parties similarly situated: nor did they stop here; in one instance the magistrates of the city not only discharged the person against whom the House of Commons had directed their orders, but, as their joint act, committed the messenger

who endeavoured to put them in force. The Commons, fired at this contempt of their authority, proceeded to command the attendance of the magistrates. The Lord Mayor and Mr. Alderman Oliver, as Members of the House, attended in their places, and justified the part which they had acted. They were committed to the Tower, and though brought up by Habeas Corpus to the Court of Common Pleas, where their case was argued at length, were remanded thither, and continued there till the close of the sessions. Their being, however, as members, within the jurisdiction of the House, was not applicable to Mr. Wilkes. In a letter to the Speaker, he peremptorily refused to comply with the order of attendance, except as Representative of the county of Middlesex. The order was renewed, and renewed again, but it was not obeyed.

At length he was ordered to be present on the 8th of April, and an adjournment was then made to the 9th: and thus, to use the words of Junius, "by this mean, pitiful evasion" was the point given up. The wretchedness of this shift became still more apparent from the House having previously erased out of the Guildhall Rota Book an entry taken by the magistrates of their examination of the printer, for answering of whose charge they bound over the messenger to give security. These minutes were at the command of the House expunged by the Lord Mayor's clerk at the Speaker's table.

If the power of the Commons in Parliament was such as to justify this interposition, it seemed to follow as a necessary consequence, that it was such as to justify the commitment of Mr. Wilkes, who with his colleagues had

signed the minutes. If their jurisdiction were circumscribed, and extended only to that, which was immediately a part of their body, it became difficult to say, what control they possessed over the judicial papers of the city magistracy. Lord Chatham, in the House of Peers, denominated this interference the act, not of a Parliament, but of a mob : and the metropolis at the time approved so much of the conduct of their magisterial officers, that at a Court of Common Council thanks were voted to them, for having supported the privileges and franchises of the City, and having so firmly defended the British constitution. Mr. Wilkes triumphantly observed, that it was now evident the House “ had had enough of him.” His victory was decisive, and all that a well-wisher to the country could regret was, that it was a victory gained over the



elected representatives of the nation, and that those representatives had, in part, merited their defeat.

From this period, Mr. Wilkes's career was a course of good fortune. On the 3d of July 1771, he was chosen Sheriff; in October 1774, he was elected Lord Mayor; and, Parliament being suddenly dissolved in its sixth session, he was elected one of the new representatives of Middlesex, and took his seat unmolested in the December of the same year. He had during the whole of the last Parliament publicly termed himself the real and legal representative of that county: its sheriffs too had, at two distinct calls of the House, returned him as such. In 1774 he actually attended to be sworn, but the tender of the oath was refused, without a certificate from the Clerk of the Crown; which, naturally enough, was



refused also. His election secure, he had now the privilege "of calling names," and the still more important privilege of pressing upon the House, in person, an oft repeated motion for rescinding the resolution of 1769. This for several years was not accompanied with complete success, though it was, at almost each attempt, attended with an augmentation in number of those who voted with him. In April 1775, he presented, as Lord Mayor, a remonstrance to the Sovereign, from the city of London; and, in July, a petition: both of them relating, not to his own peculiar case, but to the state of public affairs: both, however, hostile to the conduct of Ministers. Having several times stood candidate for the Chamberlainship of London, against Alderman Hopkins, he, in 1779, upon the death of his opponent, obtained that, not dishonour-

able, and very lucrative, office. He obtained it by a most decided majority, and held it, without interruption, for life. Amid these more substantial benefits, it is scarcely worth relating that a Mr. Temple left him, by will, 300*l.* “for his strenuous endeavours in the cause of freedom, and his noble defence of the constitution against a series of despots and wicked ministers;” and that the City of London presented him with a valuable silver cup, embossed with the death of Cæsar in the Capitol.

In 1782, upon the dismissal from office of the ministers who conducted the war against America, the obnoxious resolution was, at length, upon his own motion, expunged from the Journals. This was the crown of those political labours, which more immediately concerned his own personal actions. He thenceforward deemed himself “a fire burnt

out."—Such are the main and more important incidents of the life of John Wilkes, a man, about whom, even were it unwilling, posterity necessarily must make inquiries; since the circumstances of his life are interwoven with the history of his time, and with the history of the constitution of his country.—His after-life was passed in the punctual and faithful discharge of the duties attached to his office of Chamberlain; in a temperate attention, as a senator, to national affairs and the proceedings of Parliament; and in the cultivation of letters and the fine arts. As treasurer of the City of London (such is the Chamberlain) his accounts were kept with exactness, and his personal attendance was most regular. No officer subordinate to him, no person in any way concerned with his office, ever had occasion to wait one moment beyond the appointed time

of daily business. Though careless of expenditure, he was yet tenacious of the accustomed rights and advantages of his situation: like Swift, he usually took care to be in the right, and, knowing himself to be so, was not to be driven from his demands. On the whole, however, he was a rare and fortunate example of a man in place and power, who still preserved popularity, amongst those from whom he derived them. To the very last, the metropolis retained, and even now continues to retain, numerous staunch "Wilkites." Both as Chamberlain and Alderman he is spoken of with much respect. As the latter, in the riots of 1780, he, first and almost alone, of the city magistrates, acted, with firmness and celerity. He received for his useful services at that period the thanks of the Privy Council; of the

King's Privy Council, in the year 1780! Such is England.

In Parliament, having steadily opposed through all its stages the fatal war with America, he maintained against those who supported it, his opposition, even when the war, the cause of that opposition, was at an end. He supported the peace of 1783; a peace inadequate to the hopes and wishes of the nation; the terms of which, however, if not accepted, could only have been avoided by a new appeal to the sword. What Dr. Franklin since said is now well known; that he, and he believed most other statesmen of influence in America, would have advised and pressed for continued war, had the boundary ceded to the United States been seriously<sup>a</sup> contested, or had the article relative to the abandonment of the Loyalists



been rejected. — From his situation in the city, or from respect to Mr. Hastings (the latter, a feeling, though wholly unconnected with the wisdom of the measure, at present common to most men of understanding), Mr. Wilkes strenuously opposed Mr. Fox's East India bill. His opposition could scarcely be supposed to flow from any dread of diminishing the influence of the Crown; nor, indeed, in his speech to the House, does he touch upon any such topic. During the debates on the Regency Bill he was wholly neuter. Of the war with France, though then not in Parliament, he, at least at its commencement, disapproved. Upon other questions, he supported that side which he naturally might be expected to support. For a more fair and equal representation of the people in Parliament, he moved himself; and he voted affirmatively

upon all similar propositions. He spoke more than once against the interference of Peers in elections. The Bill for the relief of Protestant Dissenting Ministers, as well as that for the relief of Roman Catholics, met with his warm concurrence. Having, however, none but mere personal interest, and being wholly unconnected with either of the great parties which in the beginning of the year 1790 filled the opposite benches of the House of Commons, he, upon the dissolution of Parliament, felt the hazard of risking an election too great, and prudently declined standing as a candidate. Though advanced in years, he shewed no decay of intellect. His short congratulatory addresses spoken as Chamberlain to those public characters, who received between 1790 and 1797 (the year of his death) the freedom of the city, were his last public exertions.

That to Vice-admiral Waldegrave was delivered on the 5th of December, not many days before he expired. He died on the 26th, aged seventy. He was interred in Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street. According to the directions of his will, eight labouring men, dressed in new mourning, bore his coffin from the door of the chapel to the vault. The bearers, by his will, received, in addition to their clothes, a guinea each. A tablet, its inscription written by himself, has this memorial :

The Remains  
of  
JOHN WILKES,  
a Friend to Liberty ;  
Born at London, Oct. 17, 1727, O. S.  
Died in this Parish.

Mr. Wilkes left behind him a daughter, Mary, the offspring of his marriage :

with Miss Mead. Miss Wilkes survived her father but a few years—she died the 12th of March 1802, aged fifty-one.

Mr. Wilkes has also other, surviving, children; a daughter, Harriet; and a son, opulently and respectably situated in India. The latter of these did not take his name. Mr. Wilkes has one brother and a sister yet living.

Mr. Wilkes, in no great while after their marriage, separated from his wife. When it is recollected how and with whom, about that period, he was beginning to associate, it is reasonable to conclude, that in their domestic disagreement he was himself not without blame. He himself, in his letter on his own public conduct, November 1768, expresses a hope that his political virtue may atone “for the dissipation of too gay a youth.” I am afraid that this dissipation scarcely can claim, with

fairness, the indulgence given to youth. His period of riot was certainly not closed (if then) *before* the year 1764—a time when, as he was thirty-six years of age, one should have thought a man of reflection would have made up his opinions, and a man of resolution would at least be beginning to act in conformity to them. The apology in truth cannot be considered as a very sincere one. Its meaning, if it had any meaning, was probably to diminish, by boldly admitting its truth, the effect of the accusation. He was indeed not much of a hypocrite, nor very scrupulous about a frank avowal both of his actions and opinions. Whether, however, had he not been forced into it, he would willingly have made the latter as public, as they at last became, may be justly questioned. Asserting the freedom of thought, he yet himself admits, that



not only the laws of good breeding, but the laws of society, are infringed when an attack is made on what any community has decreed to be sacred. But when the Essay on Woman was in open day brought forward against him, he possibly felt there was no retreat; and was therefore very willing to attribute that to deliberate conviction, which, perhaps, was in fact nothing more than a mere riotous ebullition; a sentiment not founded upon presumed knowledge or previous consideration, but taken up at random, to be, in a soberer hour, dismissed for ever. Those opinions, the adoption of which was at first accidental, he who has once published them often makes it a point of vanity to maintain. Wilkes wished it to be supposed that with him it was something more than this. In the Collection of Letters, already mentioned as

published in 1769, appears a letter from the pious Baxter, author of "An Enquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul, called Matho." Baxter there addresses him as a man "of whom all good men conceive great hopes." In another letter he writes thus: "In the mean time I shall publish an Appendix to the Enquiry, which you must give me leave to inscribe to you in the following manner: Sir, the subject of our conversation in the Capuchins' garden, at Spa, in the summer of 1745, is still by me in the dress it was put in. I have no leisure at present to prepare it for the public view. In the interim I send you the following sheets as a token of my sincere respect—it is a pleasure to think on the time we spent so agreeably together." The Appendix was afterwards published with the proposed dedication. That the conversa-

tion which a man serious and devout like Baxter, found so agreeable, was necessarily conducted with moderation and sobriety, we may reasonably conclude. But to draw the conclusion desired by Mr. Wilkes, would, I think, be hazardous. I am at a loss to assign any motive for his inserting this letter in the Collection, unless it were to shew that whatsoever his practice and opinions might be since, he had once thought in a more serious way, and that it was not without due consideration he had adopted his later notions. Some doubt nevertheless with regard to his determination of a question, as profound as that about which he argued, may not improperly be entertained; of his capability, at the time when he conversed; of his inclination; afterwards. It is usually praise enough at eighteen to be *inclined* to examine a subject of this nature; the

reputation of enlarging our acquaintance with it may readily be resigned, without any degradation of intellect. That in more advanced age he was sufficiently averse to great severity of intellectual application, is well known. Unless therefore that occurred to him, which seldom is found from experience to occur to others, it is not easy to acquiesce in the conclusion, to which by implication he would lead us, that his habits of temperance and of attention to the received maxims by which social life is regulated, were altered and thrown aside, because that system which best sanctions and enforces them seemed to him so false as to oblige him to discard it. Licentious practice has often rendered that plausible to the mind, which might otherwise have appeared at once of enormous absurdity; but it has seldom happened that the exertion of

thought, whithersoever it has led in argument, has seduced him who has used it, into any peculiar laxity of manners. Hobbes, Bayle, and Hume, whatsoever be the judgment passed upon their speculative principles, were men of lives regular and irreproachable.

Of mankind the greater part necessarily think "upon trust." Even of the cultivated, the greater number do little more than combine into something having a semblance of coherence the impressions made upon them. Opinions thrown into our minds unsought, or instilled into them by education, are met and counteracted by contrary opinions, acquired, with little on our part of exertion, in a similar way with their antagonist opinions. The education of the cloister is crossed by the education of the world. Two classes of ideas spring up, between which the maturer



judgment is at length solicited to choose ; but often does little more than lend an ear of inclination to the one, wholly negligent of the other. The conduct resulting from the aggregate impression of the favoured class bears frequently an air of system ; yet, if narrowly dissected, would be found to be the consequence of frequent recurrence, rather than of choice, of study or arrangement.

Even without referring to the high ordinance which commands them, the duties of morality arise so evidently from the situation in which man is placed upon earth, that it is difficult for a man of reason to avoid falling into the observance of them, even did he unfortunately hold himself not *bound* to their performance. And if the argument be just, which teaches us that they are received in common only because they have been found from invariable experience to be most conducive to general

welfare, and because most conducive to general welfare have, therefore, been commanded, it will seem still more natural that the man of reasoning powers should without difficulty adapt himself to them. It is the man of blind impulse, of mere passion, therefore (if of cultivated understanding, yet of understanding cultivated in one direction only), who is most likely to disregard them; but who is likely enough also to demand the praise due only to intellect of a higher standard. Taking therefore from Mr. Wilkes the credit of having formed his "bundle of opinions" with any very assiduous care or anxious diligence; I am willing to think myself, that the mode in which they were at length bound up was rather accidental than designed. It is a trait, however, of human nature not unworthy of observation, that he, who in one part of a

volume relates the rites of Medmenham, should, to increase his fame, insert in the same volume the letter of Baxter!—How to increase his fame he in general, indeed, knew well; it has been truly said, that he possessed the rare talent of writing to and for the people. And it must be owned too that he knew well also what in action was likely to enchant the multitude. His undaunted gaiety, his decided courage, his unflagging spirit; the Lothario-like abandonment with which he smiled at gravity, and sneered at chastity; the Epicurean confidence, with which, for instance, he makes it a reproach to Chatham, that to the cultivation of that eloquence, which was to shake senates and govern kingdoms, he sacrificed the joys of beauty and of wine \*—all were so displayed as aptly to allure and captivate the popular

\* See page 60.

imagination. The growth of a character like this is usually spontaneous: with strong desires impatient of controlment, it generally shews itself early, and, gaining strength from indulgence, at last braves every prudential restraint. The early irregularities of Voltaire led naturally to the philosophy which he afterwards taught. With Wilkes it seems to have been otherwise. But I suspect that the fame of Voltaire, then rising to its meridian, considerably influenced the mind of his disciple\*. The sect of Voltaire was at that period extending far and wide. It was deemed an escape from prejudice to deride the maxims upon which virtuous and domestic life was conducted. And as nothing is more servilely imitative than the conduct which springs from the vain desire of being thought superior to

\* See Vol. iv. Letter xxxii.

vulgar notions, so certainly the pupils of sensuality in England failed not with most unoriginal exactness to tread in the track of their master. Thinking ill of the tenets of this academy, as having no reference to any future state of existence, and being little applicable to, and very insufficiently calculated to ameliorate, the present, it yet would be unjust to deny that its doctrine of general benevolence (though a borrowed one) demands our praise; and that many of its professors sanctioned the doctrine by their practice. If Mr. Wilkes adopted its errors, he also adopted its virtue. The voice of friendship is not always to be believed; but Churchill did not lie, when he attributed to him

“ A heart to pity, and a hand to bless.”

The records of his charity and of his liberality are not few. The editor of



the Letters, which constitute the volumes to which this memoir is prefixed, has asserted, that of gaming and intoxication he was guiltless. I believe with regard to the former, the position is true; but I can hardly be persuaded that, in the season of his jollity at least, he was "a Bacchanal without wine," or that passing whole sleepless nights in festival, he yet was so guarded as never to crown the cup once too much. In relation to the latter period of his life, the remark, however, unquestionably is just. His talent for conversation was greatly celebrated, yet not beyond its merit. Even Johnson owned, that he was instructed and entertained, and "had one not heard of Jack Wilkes there, and Jack Wilkes here, and that in convivial pleasantries no one was like him, I should have thought still more of it." His stories were numerous and select,

and uncommon; well introduced and aptly pointed. It was in fact a portion of his studies: he possessed a richer collection of printed Anas than most men, even of those who, like himself, applied to the perusal of them with earnestness. His acquaintance were passionate in partiality towards him; but he in turn quarrelled with almost every friend he had. He was little obedient to advice, even though coming from those to whom it was most his interest to hearken, and who most were anxious, disinterestedly anxious, about his welfare. Upon the first publication of No. 45 of the North Briton, there was a want of evidence to bring home to him either the writing or publication. The death-warrant of general warrants was signed; Lord Temple therefore pressed him to step no further. He had engaged, however, to furnish his friends

in the city with an edition from his own press: the subscription was large, and the amount of it was likely to be beneficial to him. The loss of this Lord Temple readily undertook to compensate; but Mr. Wilkes refused to draw back: he edited his new edition, and was convicted of the re-publication. From his friends in the City (they, who in the Middlesex contest most warmly supported him) he became entirely estranged. Alderman Sawbridge, with Mr. Townsend, though both strangers to him, proposed and seconded his re-election for that county. With Beckford, Oliver, and Bull, he was intimately united: from all these, however, he eventually separated. He did not always conceal sufficiently his opinion of his own abilities, nor the contempt in which he sometimes unjustly held the ability of others: it is affirmed he was

often but too prodigal of wit, and upon all occasions would lose a friend rather than a jest. His controversy with Mr. Horne (now Mr. Tooke) is well known. Mr. Horne, at Mr. Wilkes's political outset, was of signal service to him. Of his friend Churchill, however, Mr. Wilkes retained the most affectionate remembrance to the very last. Churchill died before any difference of opinion could well arise between them; they were otherwise, I fear, of spirits too irritable and inflammable to have remained long unkindled. Mr. Wilkes, at his cottage in the Isle of Wight, erected to him a cenotaph, the inscription of which has been often quoted;

CAROLO CHURCHILL,

Divino Poetæ,

Amico jucundo,

Civi optime de Patriâ merito.

Churchill, almost worshipped in his lifetime, has since been somewhat neglected; but his reputation for genius is now budding anew. The temporary subject of most of his compositions, the excess of praise, so lavished upon him, that he, like Voltaire, might be said to be smothered with roses; the rapid blaze in which he consumed away his powers; and his morals, little congenial to the sympathies of his countrymen, created for some years a disinclination to do him justice. There have never been wanting *some*, however, who have not hesitated to speak of him as he deserved; and it is indeed a sorry compliment paid to Virtue to deny her rival that which justly is her due, lest she should become too amiable. Whatever be the blandishments and gifts of Vice, it would ill beseem the majesty of Virtue to shrink from the dazzle of her charms,



however captivating. The Roman matron, in the presence of the luxurious Egyptian, felt surely something very different from humiliation. Who is he, who, from respect to Cornelia, would think it necessary to disown the beauty of Thais? Cowper, in the admirable letter in which he dwells upon the powers of Churchill, has blamed, with propriety, the coldness of his biographer. And if the pious Cowper deemed it culpable to withhold the praise deserved, surely no *moral* blame can attach to any other who bestows the praise he believes to be due, whosoever be the object on whom it is conferred.

“Politics are transitory, wit is eternal.” The writings of Mr. Wilkes are chiefly political, and have of late, therefore, been little read. I cannot, however, but think, that the impression left upon the public mind is less favourable to him

as a man of literary skill and lively imagination than it ought to be. His reputation indeed has suffered under the same inconveniences which obscured the fame of his friend. In some respects Wilkes is more unlucky than Churchill: however much many cotemporary poets excelled the latter in polish and regularity, no one of his day possessed more of warmth and energy. The former was opposed to candidates for reputation of talents, such as centuries may pass away and fail again to exhibit. The style of Junius has embalmed his writings, and rendered them imperishable. But though surpassed, it should be recollected by whom as a writer of politics Mr. Wilkes is surpassed: to Junius, to Burke, and to Johnson, he may perhaps be inferior, and yet have a claim to distinction. Who of them best has attained truth, the just end of all writing,

whether moral, poetical, or political, it may perhaps be difficult to say: in politics, generally speaking, that is truth which our judgment leads us to deem so. The Tory will naturally think that the truth is with Johnson; the Whig, that it is with Burke. Of particular events and individual measures, it is easy, when the period of passion and interest is over, to speak with precision: of fundamental maxims and abstract positions of government, it is not equally safe or easy to pronounce: since both may, to a certain degree, involve in them truth, and the doubt will usually be as to the propriety of their application. In ornament of style and elegance of composition, mankind, however, are sufficiently agreed. Be the bias of our political opinions as it may, there will probably be little difference in our sentiments of the literary merit of the "Free-

holder" and the "Examiner," the "Rolliad" and the "Anti-Jacobin." The spirit of Mr. W.'s political papers is considerable: his style is not impassioned, but it has sprightliness, fertility of allusion, aptness of quotation, and terseness of phrase: it has also a careless air of anglicism, which is not displeasing, and which he much affected. His irony is playful, and sometimes poignant; and through all his writings there is a vein of curious knowledge such as a man of pleasure would not naturally be expected to possess. His volumes, published under his own direction, are well "got up" to produce effect. The collection of papers relative to his case, published 1767, at Paris, I have not seen. The volume, printed, with his portrait prefixed, at Berlin, contains a letter from Diderot,

congratulating him upon his election for Middlesex. In the true style of French compliment he is preferred to Coriolanus. Many names one should have thought would have been joined before those of Coriolanus and Wilkes, whether in resemblance or contrast. But “Coriolanus sought to enslave his country, Wilkes to redeem the liberties of his.” Diderot was in the enjoyment of much reputation on the continent, and his name at Berlin told well. This letter is not in the English collection of 1769. In the latter volume are frequent references to a second volume, which however never appeared. Mr. Wilkes meditated the publication of several letters from Mr. Pitt, Mr. Onslow, Voltaire, &c.: considering them, however, as written confidentially, he, upon reflection, thought it dishonourable to



send them to the press \*. The published volume is, however, managed with adroitness. The letter of Baxter has already been noticed. A letter of Mr. Legge, upon the subject of finance, is given; together with letters of Smollett, and of Brewster, the translator of Persius. As these have no connexion with, or relation to, any of the political transactions in which he bore so great a share, they can only be meant as ornamental, and as evidence of his having early been in habits of intimacy with the lovers of literature.

In his letter on his own public conduct, he displays a confident per-

\* Lord Talbot, upon the supposition that Lord Temple had given to the press Mr. W.'s letter, relating the circumstances of their duel, was greatly enraged with that nobleman. Mr. Wilkes himself was really the person who published it; he afterwards a little regretted he had done so, but he could not withdraw it.

suasion of the authority which he possessed at the time over the multitude; and makes a merit of the moderation with which he submitted to the laws of his country. The decree of exile against Cicero was reversed upon a point of form:—he considers his own outlawry as similar, but insists that the true reason of its reversal was the political timidity of his adversaries.

Mr. Grenville published in 1769, the speech made by him in February, in the House of Commons, on the motion for Mr. Wilkes's expulsion. The speech was replied to immediately by Mr. W. in a letter addressed to its author. The polished style of this, Mr. Grenville's "only Ciceronian oration," is attributed to the forming hands of a new friend, on whom nature had lavished all the powers of the sublime and beautiful. He sneers at the Grenvillian

family compact, and attached as he unfeignedly was to Lord Temple, yet cannot forbear to attack the reconciliation of Lord Chatham and his Lordship. "The Grenville family have indeed been too much like a Scottish family for many years: if one brother has at any time been quite right, another has always been as wrong, for he has been diametrically opposite. If one has been violent in opposition, another has regularly kept the balance of power even by supporting every measure of Government, and filling some lucrative office:" the conduct of the family must be changed, "for both the court and the nation *domum timent ambiguum Tyriosque bilingues.*" Lord Temple was much displeased with this publication.

The most serious literary effort of Mr. Wilkes was a proposed History of England; an Introduction to which he

published upon his return from France, in 1768. Whether he would have shewn, had he persevered in the execution of his design, that continued research and impartial judgment requisite in historical writing, may be doubted. The style of the body of the work would naturally, however, have taken a tone above the style of the Introduction, which, though lively, may yet be thought wanting in that regulated and sustained dignity, which, from the example of Greek and Roman authors, I cannot but think, in spite of a late criticism upon two of our own most admired writers, is congenial and essential to this species of composition. The Introduction is entertaining, and the anecdotes interspersed, are not ill brought together. This is his only work not absolutely called for by the passing political occasion; yet even this is said to have owed its origin to a de-

sire of drawing from its publication a pecuniary resource. The attempt was soon laid aside, and never again resumed. In 1769, his Letters and Speeches were collected in 3 vols. 12mo. In 1788, his Speeches were published by himself, in 1 vol. 8vo. His speeches were in fact prepared compositions; he did not possess the gift of extemporary speaking, nor was his delivery, though of course not improper, such as to give any force to what he had prepared. His best oration is a speech in defence of Mr. Hastings. The subject is a great one, and the defence contains much matter; but it has not, even considering it as written, the cadence of oratory\*; nor is the argument sufficiently expanded to produce that effect which ought to arise from an address meant for the ear. In the closet, if a passage is not under-

\* *Est enim in dicendo quidam cantus obscurior.*



stood, it is in our power again to turn to it. A passage lost in speaking is irrecoverable. The objection made to the supposed probability of Dr. Johnson's success as an orator, may well be made with justice to this harangue. Of men within my own experience, Macintosh is the only one who so could write and so utter a set speech as to produce the effect of a spontaneous effusion. The style of Wilkes is not enough declamatory. Mr. Wilkes piqued himself upon delicacy of literary taste \*: he censures both Sheridan and Burke for violating the decorum due to the dignity of an English Senate. "The urbanum, the elegans, the liberale," which Cicero strongly recommends, and Mr. Sheridan perfectly understands, "were sacrificed to party rancour." He condemns Burke for terming Benfield a criminal, who

\* See letter viii. p. 20, vol. iv.

long since “ ought to have fattened the region kites with his offal ;” “ it is a savage Indian warfare, it places raillery in railing.” He has not always, however, preserved in his own writings this delicate propriety which he recommends to others. In a letter to Dr. Brocklesby, published in his own collection, he inquires “ if the nasty, gummy, blubbering, overgrown boy of a lord, barbarous and blustering as the North, has received his orders also to denounce to the Commons, a laughable poem as a horrid crime ?” There is not much of the urbanum, the elegans, the liberale in these expressions ; and yet these, nevertheless, Mr. Wilkes well understood, and, to say truth, usually practised. The fascination of his manners is admitted by all who knew him : to this very nobleman he did justice at the very time he was opposing him. “ I believe

the Noble Lord possesses perfect personal integrity. His own probity is unblemished; but a lust of power, and an unhappy indolence of temper, combined to make him, through the whole of the American war, connive at almost every man in every department, fleecing the public beyond the example of all former times. His own hands were clean: not so those of the whole tribe of his contractors and dependants. The Noble Lord has a rich vein of pure, elegant, classical wit, the most easy manners, and unaffected good nature, with every valuable and companionable quality. He is formed to be admired and beloved as a private nobleman: would to Heaven I could commend his reverence for the constitution, his love of liberty, and his zeal for the preservation of those noble franchises which are the birthright of Englishmen!" Mr. W. during his Lord-

ship's administration, attended the Westminster Committee of Association, in which the impeachment of Lord North was canvassed, and a petition to the House of Commons voted for that purpose.

Mr. Wilkes, as well as the companionable qualities ascribed to his Lordship, had also the classical elegance. His reading both of ancient and modern authors was extensive, not only beyond the opportunities of a busy and pleasurable life, but to a degree which justly entitled him to a rank amongst scholars. He was accustomed always to early rising; he read regularly and perseveringly; and was gifted with a most tenacious memory. He edited several writers, Busbequius, and others, of the middle ages. He edited also in 1790 the Characters of Theophrastus, and the Poems of Catullus. The latter I have never been

fortunate enough to see ; the text of the former seems to me to be clear and correct : in the opinion of a friend, upon whose judgment I can rely more safely than upon my own, it displays a much greater portion of critical skill than, from its unostentatious form (it is without notes), it appears to lay claim to.

He had made great progress in a translation of Anacreon \*, and was much pressed by his friend, Dr. J. Warton, to give it to the world. Nor was he less enriched with the treasures of modern literature : Italian he knew well, and with Spanish was not unacquainted. German was not in his day a literary language. In French, however, he might have contested the palm with Gibbon. If the historian challenged high praise for his “ *Memoire Justificatif*,” Mr.

\* See letter lxxiii. p. 201, vol. iv:



Wilkes was, perhaps, the Englishman, who best, had he exerted himself, could have rivalled that praise. In a periodical paper, called the Political Observer, he shewed himself not unwilling to try the hazard of the field. He inserted in it a critique upon Gibbon's work, which was afterwards printed separately, and named by him "A Supplement to the Miscellaneous Works of Mr. Gibbon." He denies the phrase "*La defence de l'Angleterre se trouvat dans un etat*" to be French, and I learn that he is right. His intimate acquaintance with the literature of France a little, perhaps, tinctured his style. Classical as his taste was, he yet adopts, and frequently too, the turn of Voltaire. He had nevertheless a just love of Attic simplicity; and delighted to gratify that love by the composition of inscriptive memorials. His villa in the Isle of

Wight, the beauties of which have been often celebrated, amongst other graceful and happily selected ornaments, was adorned with several of these. His gratitude to the City was expressed thus :

Fortunæ reduci  
et  
Civitati Londinensi  
P.

JOHANNES WILKES, Quæstor,  
1789.

He had made a promise to returning Fortune whilst still in danger ; not, like Philip, when he vowed to erect the Escurial, from *fear*, but from *hope*. His letter on his public conduct concludes, “ Although he has suffered a long exile, and been broken on the wheel of fortune, yet being at last restored to the land of freedom, when all his cruel wounds are at length healed and for-

gotten, I expect that amongst his household deities he will erect a temple to Liberty, and dedicate an altar *Fortunæ reduci.*" To Fortune he fulfilled his vow; nor will any one feel inclined to censure him for having given to the goddess as a companion the Queen of Commerce: after all his hazards,

Hunc tabulâ sacer  
 Votivâ paries indicat uvida  
 Suspendisse *potenti*  
 Vestimenta *Maris Deo.*

To Liberty his sacrifice was of the heart.

Another tablet bore the following testimonial of the regard with which he cherished his daughter:

To Filial Piety  
 and  
 MARY WILKES;  
 Erected by JOHN WILKES,  
 1789.

To shew that too much has not been said of Mr. Wilkes's character, as to the

degree in which he possessed the qualities assigned to him, I shall appeal to a judgment, which it may be thought at first somewhat singular \* I should be able to select. At a dinner at Mr. Strahan's in New Street, in March 1783, Mr. Wilkes's name being mentioned, Lord Mansfield gave his opinion in these words—that “ Mr. Wilkes was the pleasantest companion, the politest gentleman †, and the best scholar he knew.”

\* Copied from a written account given by Mr. A. Strahan, as follows : “ Mr. A. Strahan requests Mr. Wilkes will do him the favour to accept a print of his father ; and takes this opportunity of noticing the above anecdote, having minuted the words at the time. New Street, 13th May 1793.”

† How much his watchful politeness softened the spleen of Johnson, when they met at Dilly's, the bookseller, is told by Boswell. His companionable pleasantries, his “ *facetiae et lepores*,” are too numerous and almost too well known to be recited, A citizen at a chop-house stunned him by roaring

The praise of Lord Mansfield is the praise not only of a man capable of well appreciating what he praised ; but also of a political foe. “ The Bishop of Worcester and Mr. Wilkes,” writes Mr. W. from Bath, to his daughter, “ are very well together, *to the great admiration of all blockheads !*”

Of music Mr. Wilkes understood nothing, nor was his ear naturally good ; but, as a connoisseur, with the sister art of painting he was well acquainted. He visited Italy at a period of life when his capacity for observation was at its height ; and his time therefore was not mispent.

for his steak. “ Usually,” said Mr. W. “ the bear is brought to the stake ; here the steak is brought to the bear.” Madame Pompadour addressed him in France at court thus : “ You Englishmen are fine fellows ; how far may a man go in abuse of the royal family among you ?”—“ I do not quite know, *but I am trying.*”



Sir J. Reynolds, with whom he was intimate, used at all times to profess much esteem for his critical skill. He did not possess many pictures, but his collection of prints was large, and admirably chosen.—His knowledge, his taste, and his polished elegance of manners, considerable as they were, are not however the merits upon which his public reputation rose. Through them he would indeed have been courted in private societies, but they alone would not have sounded his name through Europe. Though they necessarily added to its extent, yet they were rather the ornamental wings of the building, than the building itself. The character of his life is indeed singular. That men, born in the retirements of privacy, have, through the channel of political exertion, raised themselves to high distinction, has in it nothing surprising to Englishmen. It is the

course and practice and praise of their government. Lord Chatham is a pregnant instance; Burke and Sheridan still later examples. But *their* way was open and obvious. Possessing, in different measure, great abilities, and all of them possessing eloquence, they made the Senate the ground of their advancement, as it was the scene of their exhibition. Attaching themselves to high connexion, as their friends advanced in celebrity, they advanced with them. Their place in public opinion (not indeed an equal place) was gained by time, and labour, and progression. As the path they trod is in the straight and even road of civil society, it of course has many advantages, and also many facilities. The track of Mr. Wilkes was over precipices and through wilds; difficulty vanquished is *his* fame. His measures were his own measures, not the measures of a party;

his struggles were his own struggles ; his triumphs his own triumphs. Without “ the talent of command ” in popular assemblies, he yet so possessed himself of the popular mind, as, through it, to move a nation, and, without violence, to beat down the strength of a government, for years upon the stretch to ruin him. His motives were, I believe, public motives ; I know nothing that should make me think otherwise. He might be wrong, but, I am persuaded, he was sincere. His address to the burgesses of Berwick was his first public political act, and it is in unison with the sentiments which he afterwards professed. I see nothing in his philosophy, nor even in his mad pranks of indulgence, which should *force* me to suppose, that selfish motives *only* influenced his choice of the part which he performed. The mind of Gibbon, adopting the

same philosophical opinions, and taking the same view of human nature (however eloquent he sometimes may be found, *theoretically*, in praise of liberty), was yet surely not so framed as to risk much *practically* in its support. Hume, a man of yet colder feelings, making the same estimate of life, draws from it maxims of rule certainly not favourable to excess of freedom. A disposition to still acquiescence beneath the sway of greatness is, in truth, a more natural and usual result of a similar system of thought than any outrageous spirit of faction. In the tumultuous overthrow of an established government, spoil and place may indeed tempt cupidity and ambition. But, is it probable that Wilkes ever promised himself this? Were public affairs, when he commenced his race, in such a posture as to justify, even in a madman, so mad a hope? To do him justice, did

he himself encourage aught that distant-ly could lead to throw power into the hands of the many by the abolition of law? Between popular heat and anarchy the distance is wide. That his habits of pleasure had been different, is earnestly to be wished; not merely from the wish for general morality, but also from friendship to his name. Political actions are, above all others, so liable to misrepresentation, they excite necessarily so much opposing zeal, and draw down from that zeal so much obloquy; at the same time that the wisdom or folly, the virtue or vice of them are so little within the ken of the great mass of mankind; that to the politician, above all other men, is a life of blameless morality most useful. To how many would the patriotism of the Gracchi still be doubtful, if they could justly doubt their contempt of money, their temperance,



their private and domestic virtue, their humble piety? Even the gaiety of indulgence however is not *necessarily* connected with riotous insubordination of public principle; it is at least as likely to sink into base servility as to burst out into licentious faction. The gratification of appetite is far oftener secured by adulatory service, than rebellious contradiction, to power. They who conscientiously hold that government is at no time, and upon no occasion, to be opposed; or who, admitting in a free state occasional resistance may morally be justified, yet are of opinion that the measures of those administrations, which Mr. Wilkes op-  
pugned, called not for animadversion; they, even should they confess the sincerity of his motive, will still condemn his conduct. It perhaps is yet too soon to speak of this with firmness: posterity

will better decide than we of the present day.

Whether the peace of 1763 was honourable or disgraceful; whether the minister of that day, however learned, however well-intentioned otherwise, was in truth a man, “who wanted wisdom, and held principles incompatible with freedom;” whether, without much evil of design mentally, a young sovereign, new to public business, secure upon a powerful throne, and strong in the confidence of the personal love of his people, did or did not incline too much to dispense with the services of those, who, as men of ability and connexion, of interest and popularity, were most dear to the country, and therefore most able to render it essential benefits; whether, from thwarted inclination, he did or did not feel more impatience than age and experience could approve, or the free notions

prevalent amongst his subjects rendered wise: these, all require time and investigation ere we are enabled to determine; and at last can only be decided by a careful examination of the facts which have marked the reign of the sovereign alluded to. All these, however, must be known and weighed, before Mr. Wilkes can peremptorily be condemned. In one respect indeed, he may be pardoned, even in the minds of those who most inculcate passiveness. Unless it shall be said, that no disapprobation is properly expressed, except in Parliament (a doctrine, which would go nigh, I fear, quickly to destroy the free sentiment of the deliberative body itself), one need require only an admission of the possibility of sincerely condemning, politically, the peace of 1763.—Allow but that, and that from the free habits of English discussion the attack made

upon it was not unwarrantable ; and for the rest, no wondrous science of defence is necessary.

The North Briton arose out of the attack upon the peace : its much-famed No. 45, to me, aloof from the feelings of that period, seems not, I own, so violent or intemperate as to call for state interference. Government thought otherwise, and assumed the posture of an assailant ; and by the mode in which it procured " The Essay " it may be thought stood fully committed. The contest was in consequence fair ; and Mr. Wilkes, for the spirit and firmness with which he contended, merits no common praise. Through him the people of England gained the abolition of general warrants, the better security of their papers, and the security also of the elective franchise. By him was caused the Grenville act ; by

him, that disinclination which Parliament has since shewn to avoid, by means of privilege, the trial by jury. If it be renoun to have abolished ship-money, let it be considered as something to have done what Wilkes has done. I know not, if it may not be regretted, that his political opportunities were not of a less domestic sort. He was indeed "a silent senator," but he possibly might have rendered some service in council. He possessed many of the qualities and propensities of a great mind. He, I believe, loved his country; he loved fame. He was careless of money; he respected ability, even though greater than his own. He had foresight, he had decision, he had unconquerable steadiness.

There is yet a charge preferred against him, which, if established, might go far to deprive him of all pretensions to pa-



triotism. The story is told in a wandering publication, upon the authority of Lord Orford \*. A somebody is asserted to have been assured by somebody, that he had seen in a book, which he supposed to be the pension-list of a minister of France, the name of Wilkes. His Lordship thence infers that Wilkes came over to England as the agent of the French, to embarrass the English administration. A more idle tale, as it appears to me, has not often been narrated. From 1763 to 1771, the most active part of the life of Wilkes, France was at peace with England. Those

\* In the same work Lord Orford is made to observe, that the story of the sacrilege proves that Johnson had a bad heart. I have turned to it, in the Journey to the Hebrides. The pillage of a church was shipped off—and Johnson adds, “I suppose no one will lament to hear that this cargo of sacrilege was lost in the passage:”—and this serio-comic jest indicates badness of heart !!!

events which his election and expulsion produced, surely, could in common sense have scarcely been foreseen by foreigners. I do not think there is a colour for the suggestion. Mr. Wilkes's poverty also at that period of his exertions is his shield. His embarrassed situation is known. From the Rockingham administration (its members had upon the question of general warrants and many others sided with him) he received pecuniary assistance, though their influence was not sufficient to procure his pardon. In consequence of the *known* state of his circumstances was the Duke of Grafton led to suppose he would enter into terms. Upon the notoriety of those circumstances was the public subscription founded. There could be no deceit in them. Wilkes, had he sold himself to France, would not have sold himself at a low price. If the story

were true, a bribe was given without an adequate motive; and he who received it, received it without any appearance of increased wealth or diminished want; and this too, although eyes of watchfulness were placed on every side of him. The tale rests upon the hearsay of a hearsay, upon the supposition of a supposition—it rests upon nothing.

Mr. Wilkes, though attached to the gay manners of France, was in politics Antigallican. He doubted their good faith, even in the commercial treaty\*. Whilst in the chair of magistracy, he proposed a resolution that no French wines should be given at the public entertainments of the City.

The public life of Wilkes may supply reflection with many lessons. To those who guide the affairs of free governments it is a warning, how in the

\* Vol. iii. letter xlvi. page 194.

plenitude of mightiness they lightly condemn even a private individual. It may teach them that, as the guardians of public morals, as well as public security, they should scorn to accomplish a desired object by low means: it may teach them that they cannot resort to such without danger. It may confirm, a century or two hence, perhaps (should a crisis arise to make resolution necessary) it may confirm individuals in manly resolution, from the assurance that whilst they act under the shadow of the constitution and the laws, their country will not forsake them, because their country cannot so do, without surrendering her own rights. To the history of the life of Wilkes may be applied an elegant illustration, once, modestly, used by his friend Mr. Hastings of himself, when Governor General of India. It is like the talisman of Oriental

fable, upon which hangs the fortune of empires. Its substance might be mere stone, or wood, or marble, but its accidental properties involved in them the fate of thousands, the freedom of a kingdom. It cannot be forgotten, that in the person of Mr. Wilkes a point was put in issue, upon the decision of which depended the liberties of England. The difference might not have been felt for years. Beneath a good king it would not have been felt. In other and different times it was a standing-place upon which to set foot and thrust aside the constitution. The old forms and names of ancient institutions might be suffered to remain, but the spirit and meaning of them would be gone for ever.

The public has lately been put in possession of the letters of many celebrated individuals. Letters are valuable



either as they lay open the character of their author, or as they afford positive instruction. The present collection does the former more than the latter. They are written in the most perfect spirit of confidence to a daughter whom he dearly loved. How much he prized her, will be collected from the letters themselves. They do not convey much instruction; for, at the time they were written, she was past the age of instruction. He was well able nevertheless to give instruction. To his other daughter his lessons were such, as might stand in competition with those of Lord Chatham, lately given to the world by Lord Grenville.

It may be thought that his expressions of regard and esteem in the present series are too frequent and warm to be natural, and that his affection (as he in

his letters says of the virtues of a friend named in them) was *factise* \*, but it was too uniform and constant to be so. Upon every occasion, and in every place, whether openly or confidentially, he still spoke in the same terms. He was, indeed, an anxious and most affectionate father—a tender and dutiful son. Such his letters shew him to have been, and such in truth he was. He was not, as Lord Talbot asserted of him, an atheist †. There were not only sentiments of piety, but, strange to say, there was in his mind ‡ a *tingture* of superstition.

It is to be regretted, the Editor possessed not a full power of omitting as many of the letters as he chose. As they stand however, they will, I think,

\* Vol. iii. letter xxxvii. p. 148.

† Vol. ii. letter xlvi. p. 113. Vol. iii. letter lxxii. p. 261.

‡ Vol. iii. letter lii. p. 209.

be found amusing. If they equal not the imagery and combination of Burns, nor the criticism, interest, and singularity of Cowper—they contain specimens of much playful vivacity \*, and are occasionally sprinkled (those of the latter volumes especially) with anecdote †. They have also the effect produced by the letters of Swift—they contain many names familiar to the public—and one is tempted therefore to read on in spite of resolution. The style of them is, I think, better than the epistolary style of Lord Chatham. Even where nothing is told, it is at least told with precision; and it does not therefore weary like the greater part of Richardson's correspondence, in which there is often not much meaning, and that meaning so loosely expressed, as to appear still less. On the whole,

\* See vol. ii. letters vi. xx. xl. xlvii. &c.

† See vol. iii. letter xlvi. p. 187.

these letters are not, in my judgment, disgraceful to Mr. Wilkes's memory.

The rumour that Mr. Wilkes was engaged in the composition of his own life \*, had a foundation. I am not able to say if the life be now existing or not. The private letters addressed to Mr. Wilkes by Junius, *are* in being: they are in the hands of a gentleman, who thinks however that we are not yet removed enough from the time at which they were written to allow of their publication.

\* See vol. ii. letter lxxxiii. p. 200.

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See vol. II. letter XXXII. p. 200.



P O E M S.

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P O E M S.

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# P O E M S.

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IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

**T**RUCE to nice art—Exactness I despise ;  
Light and unfetter'd be my lay :  
Let those, who write to live, correctness prize ;  
I write to trifle life away.

---

† J'abandone l'exactitude  
Aux gens qui riment par métier ;  
D'autres font des vers par étude,  
J'en fais pour me desennuier.

GRESSET.

† This motto is prefixed to the *Crazy Tales*, in an edition of which Mr. Wilkes has written "These Tales are excellent. They are the composition of my friend, John Stephenson Hall, Esq. The other verses in this volume, and the MSS. are Mr. Wilkes's." Stephenson Hall was the *Eugenius of Sterne*. EDIT.

\* TO MIRA, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1761.

REVOLVING years add, Mira, to your charms,  
 And bolder throbs my pulse to love's alarms ;  
 Yet shall those heav'nly charms at last decay,  
 And this my sprightly pulse forget to play :  
 Then wisely let me all my hours employ ;  
 Too swift they fly, but be they wing'd with joy!  
 May *wit* and *beauty* their blest pow'rs unite,  
*Wit* rule the day, and *beauty* rule the night !  
 The pleasing chase may I through life pursue,  
 All day with *Armstrong*, and all night with *you*.

---

A WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER.

[MR. GARRICK.]

LITTLE his body, but much less his soul,  
 All things by halves, but nothing in the whole ;  
 He comes prepar'd by nature, and by art,  
 With half a head, but not quite half a heart,  
 Half cowardice, half courage to dispense,  
 Half modesty, half pride, half wit, half sense.

\* The Poems marked with an asterisk were printed by Mr. Wilkes at a private press which he had at his house in Great George Street, in 1763. They form the verses bound up with the Tales. EDIT.

TO A LADY † WHO SANG IN TOO LOW  
A VOICE.

WHEN beauteous Mira's gentle voice  
Divides the yielding air,  
Fix'd on her lips, the falt'ring sounds  
Excess of joy declare.

There ling'ring round the rosy gate,  
They view their fragrant cell,  
Unwilling to depart that mouth  
Where all the graces dwell.

Some tuneful accents strike the sense  
With soft imperfect sound,  
While thousand others die within,  
In their own honey drown'd.

Yet through this cloud distinct and clear  
Sweet sense directs its dart,  
And, while it seems to shun the ear,  
Strikes full upon the heart.

† Mrs. Withers, who went to heaven in 1767.



ON THE PRINT OF ALDERMAN SAWBRIDGE  
IN THE HABIT OF A ROMAN TRIBUNE.

THE lion's skin in vain he wears ;  
He cannot hide his ass's ears.

---

\* THE TEMPLE OF THE MUSES.

THE Muses and Graces to Phœbus complain'd,  
" That no more on the earth a *Sappho* † remain'd,

† Of the intimacy which subsisted between the noble family of the Temples and Mr. Wilkes, it is scarcely necessary to speak. The following lines were written by Countess Temple (the *Sappho* of the lines above) in allusion to Mr. Wilkes's confinement in the Tower. EDIT.

THE JEWEL IN THE TOWER.

A SONG.

I.

IF what the Tower of London holds  
Is valued more than all its power ;  
Then counting what it *now* enfolds,  
How wondrous rich is London Tower !

That the empire of wit was now at an end,  
 And on beauty alone the sex must depend ;  
 For the men he had giv'n all his fancy and fire ;  
 Art of healing to Armstrong as well as his lyre."  
 When Apollo replied, " To make you amends,  
 In one fair you shall see Wit and Virtue good friends :

---

## II.

I think not of the armory,  
 Nor of the guns and lions' roar ;  
 Nor yet the valu'd library,  
 But of the Jewel in the Tower.

## III.

These are the marks upon it found :  
 King William's crest it bears before ;  
 And Liberty's engraven round,  
 Though now confin'd within the Tower.

## IV.

With thousand methods they did try it,  
 Its firmness strengthen'd every hour ;  
 They were not able all to buy it,  
 And so they sent it to the Tower.

The *Græcian's* high spirit and sweetness I'll join  
 With a true *Roman* virtue, to make it divine ;  
 Your pride and my boast, thus form'd, would you  
 know,  
 You must visit the earthly Elysium of Stow.

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## v.

The owners modestly reserv'd  
 It in a decent Aylesb'ry bower ;  
 And cannot think it has deserv'd  
 The *Cæsar's* † honour of the Tower.

## vi.

The day shall come, to make amends,  
 Of liberty th' exulting hour,  
 When o'er his foes, and 'midst his friends,  
 Shall shine the Jewel of the Tower.

† The old lion named *Cæsar*.

## \* ON TWO LATE CONVERSIONS.

HAIL! holy, heavenly convert! Bower † cries;  
 Hail! holy, heavenly convert! Paul replies.  
 So two poor rogues who find their credit fail,  
 To cheat the world, become each other's bail.

† Archibald Bower, the author of the *Lives of the Popes*, professed himself a convert to Protestantism. He was, I believe, educated as a Roman Catholic. Dr. Douglas, "the scourge of impostors," favoured the public with an exposure of his historical misrepresentations. EDIT.

Paul Whitehead, the author of *Manners*, a Satire, and other poems, was a convert of a different description. *His* conversion was from infidelity: he was at one period of his life a sub-member of the brotherhood of Medmenham Abbey. EDIT.

## \* TWO OLD SIMILES.

As the cameleon, who is known  
 To have no colours of his own,  
 Has pow'r to take the different hue  
 Of every thing within his view;  
 Thus *Lyttelton* awhile by *Pitt*  
 Appear'd a patriot and a wit;

Stole all the *Grenvilles'* sterling sense,  
 Stole *Murray's* art and eloquence ;  
 Was much admir'd in ev'ry part,  
 Though ne'er belov'd—he stole no heart.  
 Now false *Newcastle's* humble tool,  
 He grows a parasite and a fool ;  
 Helps out poor *Bower*, when hist'ry fails,  
 To cook up stupid, popish tales ;  
 With *West* † our holy faith abuses,  
 And with the *Bricklayer* ‡ works the Muses.

† Gilbert West, who by his book has made some good Christians doubt of that great article of our faith, the *resurrection* ; as *Lyttelton*, by his *Letter on the Conversion of St. Paul*, made a great divine wish that St. Paul had never been converted, that such a handle against us might not have been given to infidels by this weak advocate.

‡ Henry Jones, first a bricklayer, then a poet, though not of a class to *build* the lofty song.

Notwithstanding this sneer, Gilbert West's treatise is certainly the work of no mean reasoner. Of Lord Lyttelton's *Dissertation on the Conversion of St. Paul*, Dr. Johnson has said that it is an argument "to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer." Henry Jones is the author of "The Earl of Essex," and other tragedies. EDIT.



INSCRIPTION IN THE CHURCHYARD OF BALA,  
IN MERIONETHSHIRE.

Sacred to the Memory  
of

EVAN LLOYD, Clerk, A. M.  
of this Parish.

Born May 2, 1734 ; Died Jan. 26, 1776 ;

Aged 42.

Oh ! pleasing poet, friend for ever dear,  
Thy memory claims the tribute of a tear :  
In thee was join'd whate'er mankind admire,  
Keen wit, strong sense, the poet's, patriot's fire.  
Temper'd with gentleness, such gifts were thine,  
Such gifts with heart-felt anguish we resign.

## \* INFAMIÆ SACRUM.

HIC situs est

Robertus Walpole, Comes Orfordiæ,  
 Qui summo cum consilio, et nefandâ improbitate,  
 Patriam in maximo habens odio, et ab eâ jure  
 exosus,

Deâ Corruptelâ fisus,

(Numen quod unicum coluit)

Servitutum firmissimam, et mores pessimos,

Omnigenâ expulsâ pietate,

Pro virili instituere conatus est.

Talem vixisse, et senem mori, ne mireris, lector :

Socios maximos habuit,

Fratrem Horatium, Ducem Novocastrensem,

Et omnes reipublicæ hostes,

Privatos etiam, et publicos :

Nefas est addere,

Cæsarem etiam et Senatam.

## SACRED TO DISGRACE.

HERE lies

Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford,  
 Who with most advised premeditation and  
 profligate dishonesty,  
 Bearing towards his country the deepest hatred,  
 and by her justly hated in return,  
 Confiding in the Goddess of Corruption,  
 (the single deity whom he worshipped,)  
 Every feeling of duty being banished,  
 Endeavoured his utmost to establish  
 A slavery not to be shaken, and manners of the  
 basest sort.  
 That he should such have lived and such in old age  
 have died,

forbear to wonder, Reader :

His chief intimates were  
 His brother Horace, the Duke of Newcastle,  
 And all who were adverse to the Commonweal,  
 Whether open or concealed foes ;  
 It were *criminal* to add,  
 Even the Monarch and the Parliament.

EDIT.

\* ON MISS LINLEY'S RETIRING TO  
RICHMOND †.

A<sub>H</sub>, fatal groves ! sad Echo cries,  
You 're fair Eliza's choice ;  
The dying swains accuse her eyes,  
The nightingales her voice.

† I suspect this to be from a Greek Epigram, but  
I have not been able to find the original. EDIT.

---

ON THE MINIATURE PORTRAIT OF MISS  
WILKES, BY GOSSETT.

THE beautiful and soft outline  
Gossett or Reynolds may design ;  
And Reynolds shew the wondrous grace  
Of Wilkes's faultless form and face :  
But to no mortal is it given,  
Prometheus-like, to steal from heaven  
The piercing lightning of the skies,  
Or match the lustre of her eyes.

TO MISS WILKES, ON HER BIRTHDAY,  
AUGUST 16, 1767.

WRITTEN IN FRANCE.

AGAIN I tune the vocal lay  
On dear Maria's natal day.  
This happy day I'll not deplore  
My exile from my native shore :  
No tear of mine to-day shall flow  
For injur'd England's cruel woe,  
From impious wounds to Freedom given,  
The first, most sacred gift of Heaven.  
The Muse with joy shall prune her wing,  
Maria's ripen'd graces sing ;  
And, at seventeen, with truth shall own  
The bud of beauty 's fairly blown.  
Softness and sweetest Innocence  
Here shed their gentle influence ;  
Fair Modesty comes in their train,  
To grace her sister Virtue's reign.  
Then to give spirit, taste, and ease,  
The sov'reign art, the art to please ;  
Good-humour'd Wit and Fancy gay,  
To-morrow cheerful as to-day,  
The sunshine of a mind serene,  
Where all is peace within, are seen.



What can the grateful Muse ask more?  
 The Gods have lavish'd all their store.  
 Maria shines their darling care,  
 Still keep her, Heav'n, from every snare!  
 May still unspotted be her fame,  
 May she remain through life the same,  
 Unchang'd in all—except in name!

---

IMPROMPTU †.

A VERY pretty young lady said to a gentleman,  
 at Bath, in the great crowd at Dawson's ball,  
 "I can't bear to be so squeezed by people one  
 does not know." The gentleman (Mr. W.), an  
 old friend of the lady, borrowed her pencil and  
 wrote,

WITH spirit, lovely Lydia cries,  
 Sly Cupid basking in her eyes,  
 "I can't bear the creatures who thus press and  
 shove—  
 No—let me be press'd by the man whom I  
 love."

† See the Letters, vol. i. EDIT.

## TO MISS WILKES, ON HER BIRTHDAY, 1768.

WRITTEN IN PRISON.

How shall the Muse in prison sing,  
 How prune her drooping ruffled wing ?  
 Maria is the potent spell,  
 E'en in these walls all grief to quell,  
 To cheer the heart, rapture inspire,  
 And wake to notes of joy the lyre,  
 The tribute verse again to pay  
 On this auspicious festive day.  
 When doom'd to quit the patriot band,  
 And exil'd from my native land,  
 Maria was my sure relief ;  
 Her presence banish'd every grief ;  
 Pleasure came smiling in her train,  
 And chas'd the family of Pain.  
 Let *lovers* every charm admire,  
 The easy shape, the heavenly fire  
 That from those modest beaming eyes  
 The captive heart at once surprise :  
 A father's is another part ;  
 I praise the virtues of the heart,  
 And wit so eloquent and free,  
 Attemper'd sweet with modesty.

And may kind Heaven a lover send  
 Of sense, of honour, and a friend,  
 Those virtues always to protect,  
 Those beauties—never to neglect !

---

TO MISS WILKES, ON HER BIRTHDAY, 1777.

THE noblest gift you could receive,  
 The noblest gift to-day I'd give:  
 A father's heart I would bestow,  
 But that you stole it long ago.

## ON MISS H. WILKES †.

THE Graces nurs'd her from her birth,  
 The Virtues gave her sterling worth,  
 And Elegance with Pleasure came,  
 Soon as they heard dear Harriet's name.

† To this lady, in 1800, were addressed the following lines. She had playfully challenged the gentleman who wrote them, to compliment her in verse, as gracefully as her father had complimented Mrs. Withers (vol. i. p. 189). They are not inelegant, but it seems to me not so refined as those of Mr. W. EDIT.

TO A LADY WHO, HAVING ENTERTAINED HIM  
 WITH MUSIC AND SOME EXQUISITE DRAW-  
 INGS, CALLED THE AUTHOR TO ANOTHER OC-  
 CUPATION.

O SKILL'D in spells of magic art,  
 With nature's proudest powers to vie;  
 To win with sounds the raptur'd ear,  
 Or hold enchain'd the gazing eye!

Thou bad'st this glorious heav'n arise,  
 Thou led'st me to th' ætherial plain;  
 Now, like a faithful guide thou com'st,  
 To give me to the world again.

EPITAPH ON MISS H. WILKES'S FAVOURITE  
OWL PETER.

MINERVA's bird, poor Peter, 's dead,  
The gravest form, the gravest head ;  
From glare and noise he chose to go,  
To quiet in the realms below.

---

As some lov'd vision-favour'd youth,  
Whom dreams to realms of bliss convey,  
Sees at his side a spirit stand,  
Companion of his nightly way ;

I look in wonder on thy brow,  
In wonder view thy light locks play ;  
I hear the crystal portals close,  
And turn the tribute due to pay.

O vanish not—the dreary change  
Too sudden comes—still, still be near !  
So shall I deem the vision true,  
Be thou, ærial form, but here.



TO MISS H. WILKES. 1796.

**M**INERVA's self at Harriet's birth  
 Forsook the skies to visit earth ;  
 And with the grave and stately dame  
 The laughter-loving Venus came.  
 The Graces too were in her train,  
 Nor did a Muse in Heaven remain :  
 Cupid, and he alone, still coy,  
 Appears a pouting, angry boy :  
 The nymph derides his power supreme,  
 And darts and arrows calls a dream.  
 Beware, proud girl—the boy, in rage,  
 Not all thy magic can assuage ;  
 Vain all thy prayers, vain all thy art—  
 Then nought can sooth him but thine heart.

---

ON THE REVERSE OF A WATCH PRESENTED  
 TO MISS WILKES.

**F**ROM the deep gloom of sickness and of pain,  
 Your tender care brought cheerful health again.

EPITAPH ON LADY VANE'S † LAPDOG VENY.

AT thieves I bark'd, at lovers wagg'd my tail ;  
And thus I pleas'd both Lord and Lady Frail.

† Lady Vane published her memoirs in *Peregrine Pickle*, under the name of Lady Frail.

Monsieur du Bellay a fait une épigramme admirable sur un chien qui aboyoit les voleurs, et qui laissoit entrer sans bruit les amans de sa maîtresse.

Latratu fures excepi, mutus amantes :  
Sic placui domino, sic placui dominæ.

## TO THE BELL-RINGERS OF KENSINGTON †.

YE vile disturbers of the air,  
 Cease your horrid, jarring notes !  
 I wish the ropes now in your hands  
 Were fast about your throats.

† The above is imitated from the French. EDIT.

Persécuteurs du genre humain,  
 Qui sonnez sans miséricorde ;  
 Que n'avez vous au cou la corde,  
 Que vous tenez dans votre main.

END OF VOLUME I.

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF KANSAS CITY

I am the number of the day  
I will be here, I will be here  
I will be here, I will be here  
I will be here, I will be here

The above mentioned  
I will be here, I will be here  
I will be here, I will be here  
I will be here, I will be here

END OF VOLUME 1

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF KANSAS CITY

# LETTERS,

FROM THE YEAR 1774 TO THE YEAR 1796,

OF

JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

ADDRESSED TO HIS DAUGHTER,

THE LATE

*Miss Wilkes :*

WITH

A COLLECTION OF HIS

*MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.*

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE

OF

MR. WILKES.

=====  
VOL. II.

=====

THE SECOND EDITION.

—————  
LONDON :

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,  
PATERNOSTER ROW ; J. HATCHARD, PICCADILLY ;  
AND A. CONSTABLE AND CO, EDINBURGH.

1805.



LETTERS

FROM THE YEAR 1754 TO THE YEAR 1790

JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

AS APPEARED TO HIS PARLIAMENT

THE LAST

THAT HE WROTE

WITH

A COLLECTION OF HIS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY WILLIAM BENTLEY

A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE

AND

THE WILKES.

BY

VOL. II.

BY

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. BARNES, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, AND FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

**Printed by S. Gosnell, Little Queen Street.**

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.



*Letters at Brighthelmstone and at Bath,  
addressed to Miss Wilkes, from the  
Year 1774 to 1783.*

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.



Letters at Bishopsbourne and at Bath,  
addressed to Miss Withers, from the  
Year 1774 to 1783.

# LETTERS,

&c.

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## LETTER I.

Star at Lewes,

Tuesday, August 23, 1774.

AFTER I left Bromley yesterday, my dearest Polly, I found the change of air so friendly to me, that after a very moderate dinner at the rural inn my sister so well described at Godstone, I reached Uckfield, where I slept tolerably last night. That little tour of forty miles I found enough for my strength, and I was rather contented to take up with worse accommodations than risk too great fatigue.



I am to-day much better, and the sea air which I scent already, begins to refresh me. I expect to lie at East Bourn to-night, and will write to my dearest daughter from thence.

Wheatears are remarkably scarce here, but I hope to be more successful where I am going.

I wish you to send all letters and the news in a parcel to me here, and I will give directions to the man of the house to forward them to me.

I have not felt the least return of my fever, and am gaining strength every hour. I must now be my *own* nurse (as I am without the most tender and careful, as well as the most affectionate, there is in the world); and I will be in every thing most regular.

I wrote to my sister from Uckfield just before I set out, and only saved the post.



Be so good to send me another packet by the machine, directed to me here, next Tuesday; after which I shall probably think of my return to town.

My dearest Polly, adieu.

---

## LETTER II.

Thursday Evening, Nov. 1774.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I SAW my brother Hayley at the Mansion-house to-day, and we have settled it for the Lord Mayor to eat bacaljo to-morrow, at four, in Great Alie Street, after the court of aldermen and common council. I am to go in the

fine gingerbread coach in great ceremony. I wish you therefore to order William to come to-morrow by nine to the Mansion-house, and to bring his best livery there, and to dress there that he may be *poudré au blanc*. I wish you would dine at Mr. Hayley's to-morrow, and order a coach from Auckland's for the whole day, and if you would be at the Mansion-house about three, my brother and I would go in your coach to Great Alie Street. If we should not be returned there at your arrival, still the folding doors would be thrown open for you, both in your own right, and that of all your various virtues:—you might visit Miss Mansell's in the morning, or any other person you choose.

Good night, my dearest daughter:—sweet sleep and pleasing dreams.

b

LETTER III.

Cricklade,

Monday, Feb. 27, 1775.

I THANK my dear lady mayoress for her obliging attention about the newspapers, and her pretty note. The knight-errant follows his windmill expedition; if he succeeds, it will be by means\*, whichought to make his attempt miscarry, and I will not lend my little reputation, but a great cause, to it.—Mr. Reynolds, Dr. Lee, and all our friends, are of the same opinion; only Mr. Dayrell pushes the knight on.

I dined yesterday with Lord Bathurst, and was received with distinguished po-

\* To those to whom the history of Cricklade is known, what these means were likely to be, will readily occur.—EDIT.

liteness; he now, at the age of ninety-one, possesses all his faculties, rides, walks, eats and drinks well, and is extremely cheerful: the hours I passed with him pierced the gloom of the two last days; I was instructed as well as entertained; and although he has many tales, he is not got into his *anecdote*.

I believe now that I shall be in town early on Thursday, but I will certainly return some time that day.

I beg my dear daughter to remember me affectionately to all our city friends. Sir George Savile, Mr. Hartley, Lord Mahon, Serjeant Glynn, Sir Edward Astley, might be invited for Saturday, with any others you like; and I think no time should be lost.—Mrs. Sawbridge too and the Alderman.

Heaven bless you, my dear daughter, and give you every blessing.

Adieu!

## LETTER IV.

Brighthelmstone,

Wednesday, Oct. 15, 1775.

THE alteration of the post since Michaelmas, has deprived me of the opportunity of paying my respects to my dearest Polly before this morning; or I should have said two days ago that the sea air and the centaur exercise of riding and hunting, have been of service in my slow, lurking fever. Monday and Tuesday I assisted at the triumph over the poor timorous hare; but the trophy of the victory was not given me, else you would have had another *course* of puss, in Prince's Court.

The Duke and Dutchess of Devonshire are here, and deservedly beloved.



I was at Monday's ball, but it was not crowded. Mr. Warre and Lord De Ferrars left us on Tuesday; Lord Kelly, Mr. Murphy, and many others of my old acquaintance continue the week; my tether certainly does not carry me beyond the week, and Sunday will have me again an inhabitant of Prince's Court.

I came to catch the last smiles of departing autumn, and I enjoy them much on the hills, with the mountain nymph, sweet Liberty. The chase is become a new scene to me, and adds to the health of the exercise a very pleasing amusement.

I shall write to my beloved daughter more fully by the next post, and fix the particulars of my return.

I beg you to pay every attention to your health, and let your first solicitude be to preserve to me the most excellent and accomplished of her sex, whom

Heaven has bestowed on me in a daughter, as a more than balance against the misfortunes and miseries of life.

My dearest Polly, adieu!

---

### LETTER V.

Brighthelmstone,

Thursday, Oct. 16, 1775.

By the new regulation of the post, I did not receive your letter of Tuesday night, my dearest Polly, till this morning; and I am afraid mine of yesterday will not kiss your hands till Friday. As you mention the day's change of your tour, I fear it may give you some additional trouble. I received all

the newspapers, and thank you for your care.

Lady Peterborough, Miss M——t, more gloomy and dejected than ever, and Miss G——d as pert and flippant as at Bath, more is impossible, are here, and no other ladies I believe of your acquaintance. The balls are very thin and dull, but the chase has at present great charms for me; I do not find however politeness enough in Sussex Baronets or Esquires to send me a hare, although I have generally been in at the death; but I shall probably bring you one of French growth.

I think the exercise beneficial to my health, and the hunting is safer here than in any part of England, except from the steep declivity of some of the hills.

I mean certainly to dine on Sunday in Prince's Court, but I shall probably not

arrive before five or six in the evening, and therefore I entreat you not to wait dinner for me, but to order me some giblet-soup and a pork-chop.

Mr. Murphy and I chatted two hours this morning with Mrs. Thr—le, who is much less learned, and much more ——, than I expected.

I hope your little excursion will amuse you, and the change of the scene be entertaining; but you carry sprightliness and good humour, as well as good sense, along with you.

Adieu! my dearest Polly; continue to love me.

## LETTER VI.

White Hart at Godstone,  
Friday Night, Nine, 1776.

ARRIVED here in his way to Bright-helmstone, the famous Mr. Wilkes, with a French valet de chambre, both as hungry as Highlanders, but finding rather more to eat than any Highlander, who had not been in the south. Saw scarcely ten persons on the road, and suspects men, women, and children, have all emigrated to America. Is determined to eat a little forbidden fruit for supper, to drink the health of a most amiable young lady in Prince's Court, and to retire to Bedfordshire before ten, to rise to-morrow with the lark, and to hold converse with old ocean before evening. Such are the harmless projects of this son of ambition and faction.



## LETTER VII.

Brighthelmstone,

Sunday, July 14, 1776.

I ARRIVED here, my dearest Polly, yesterday to dinner, and had a very pleasant tour from Godstone, where I lay on Friday night at the White Hart, as I wrote you word.

The feverish heat is greatly diminished, and the sea air I think already is salutary to me.

I have been over the town, and seen very good apartments, which may be had till the 8th of August, to begin from next Wednesday; after that time they are engaged to a family: there are four good bedchambers, and two rooms for servants, besides a pleasant parlour, &c. Nothing can be more complete—a full

view of the sea, which breaks at your feet. If it is agreeable to you and Mrs. Molyneux, I should be very desirous that you would both come here immediately, because I am sure it would please you highly, and make no material difference in expense to either of us, as I should not wish to ask any dining company. If this proposal is agreeable to you, by lying one night on the road, you might get here to dinner the second day, and Harris might accompany you in Mrs. Molyneux's coach. Mrs. Molyneux's share of the lodgings would be only 1*l.* 5*s.* per week; and, if it could be contrived, you two might take the tour of Normandy and Paris from hence: but that party must as yet remain unsettled from reasons which you guess. At present I am at the Castle, but I wait your answer, and I own I much wish you and Mrs. Molyneux would set out

directly, and I would meet you any where on the road, or have your dinner ready here the second day. Lewes races are the 25th of this month. You might call at Mr. Redhead's, and bring with you whatever you choose as to clothes, for this place, and Harris might make it up. Be so good to write immediately either by the coach or the post; or rather I should be glad you would set out directly, and write on the road. I do not think I could propose any thing so much for either of your pleasures the next three weeks, nor so much, if I may so say, for my own, as my whole aim herewould be both your satisfactions. Mrs. Molyneux might be pay-mistress to this place, and then I might settle with her, and send money from hence to our cook in town.

I received the books and the newspapers very safe. Be so good as to make

a packet of every thing for the coach on Monday night.

I leave my dearest daughter the entire mistress of her actions, as to the intended tour, and only dwell upon it, because I think it would be as agreeable to Mrs. Molyneux and herself as to me; and three as good-humoured people, so disposed to be happy, seldom meet.

Adieu!

Croydon, 11 miles, the George—  
Godstone, 9 miles, the White Hart, a  
very good house—East Grinstead, 10  
miles, the Crown—Maresfield, 10 miles,  
the Old Chequer Inn, a very good house  
—Lewes, the Star, a good house, 10  
miles—Brightelmstone, 8 miles, the  
Castle.

## LETTER VIII.

Brighthelmstone,

Thursday, July 18, 1776.

I RECEIVED both my dearest Polly's letters, and thank her for the obliging care she has taken of the papers, and other things. I am sorry for the uncertain and cruel situation of so meritorious a lady as Mrs. M.; but she must look forward, and time will come perhaps with healing under his wings; I hope so at least in recompense of her virtues.

As I am not to enjoy my dear daughter's company here this tour, I am come to my old little cabin, at Gorrings on the Cliff, at a guinea per week; but my stay here will be but a few days, and then I will contrive for our meeting on



the road, if there is any convenience for you two travelling princesses.

I have had no return of the fever, and have been twice on horseback: to-morrow I intend to go into the sea.

Mr. Lodge, a very sensible and amiable friend, has taken a house about a mile from hence in a very pleasant situation, with fine old trees, which every where would please as beauties, but here as wonders strike. I have dined twice with him, and find a very cheerful society of both sexes. He expects several of our common friends on a visit.

I mean to send the *widow* a present of rabbits and lobsters, both of which are in perfection here, to give a little tribute of my respect to her, and sense of her obligingness to you. No wheatears yet arrived.

Adieu !

## LETTER IX.

Brighthelmstone,

Thursday, July 18, 1776.

I SEND you, my dear daughter, a little present of rabbits and chickens, both which are remarkably good here. I mean Mrs. Molyneux some lobsters, which are delicious on this coast, but the weather has been too rough, and the cowardly, methodistical fishermen have not dared to venture out these three days. It is very extraordinary, that the heresy of methodism has infected almost all the seafaring people here, and has made them cowards as well as simpletons. I remain however sound in the faith, and will keep to my good orthodox mother, the Church of England, to the last moment of—its legal establishment.

To-morrow, or Saturday, we make a party of two days to Findon, to Mr. Green's, and as it is only 15 miles, I mean to perform it on horseback: be so good however to write to me here as before.

I have had no return of my fever, and have left off the bark, so that I hope I am delivered from so disagreeable an autumn companion.

This place begins to be pestered on account of the races with the vilest vermin, called at Newmarket the black-legs, a despicable set of gamblers, whom I abhor, detest, and abjure.

Friday, July 19,

Seven o'Clock in the Morning.

Mr. Wilkes just up, admiring the smooth, treacherous ocean, in high health, and having few wishes of importance ungratified, but the company of his beloved daughter.

## LETTER X.

Brighthelmstone,  
Monday, July 22, 1776.

I AM sorry, dear Polly, for the inconveniences you must suffer by the illness of John, and I agree with you that he had better go for some time to his father in the country, when he can be moved, and that you should have Shackerley for the present.

To-morrow is fixed for our little tour to Mr. Green's, if I am well. I had yesterday a return of the fever, but not with its former violence, and I am at a loss to guess at the cause, as I had not been in the rain, and only on horseback two hours. I took a small quantity of James's powder, which made me perspire profusely, and I am to-day much recovered.

I have dined alone every day, when I have not been at Mr. Lodge's, and eat no supper; so that, as Dr. Young says, "disease invades the chastest temperance;" however, if temperance will not keep off diseases, it will tame their fury.

I shall be very glad to see Mr. Needham on my return to town, which will be, I believe, in about a week, and I wish you to tell him so, with my compliments.

My tender compliments to the amiable widow.

Adieu!



## LETTER XI.

Preston,

Sunday, July 23, 1776.

I AM here, my dearest Polly, since Thursday, in the large hospitable house of Mr. Lodge, where I find most agreeable society, of which I am very unworthy; for I have neither eat nor drank, except trash and slops, since Wednesday. I had the cold and hot fit twice, yesterday and to-day, yet I feel I am growing better, and I am taken great care of.

I copied, and enclose to you a letter from Baron Boden to Mr. C——g. May I trust the Court of Hesse, as to the young man's not being sent to America? I rather think I may from Baron Boden's influence there: pray write me

fully your opinion, and you may keep the copy, as I shall the original, till I return it to Mr. C——g, in two or three posts. The Baron writes well of Miss Wilkes, but then so much too of Mrs. P——, and Mrs. C——, I was tired with transcribing; and the germanized French I am not very fond of, no more than the Russians.

Adieu, my dear daughter.

My best compliments to the fair widow, and warm congratulations on the arrival of the young ladies.

I wish you to direct to me as before.

## LETTER XII.

Preston,

Monday, July 29, 1776.

TO-DAY, my dear Polly, I began the bark again, and find myself already better; so that I mean to persevere, and try for a very few days longer the same powerful remedy.

Mr. Thomas Scott and Mr. Daniel Weir dined here yesterday, but I was too ill to come to them till the afternoon; but to-day I am surprisingly recovered, and to-morrow afternoon I hope to get again on horseback.

Tuesday, July 30.

I am told there is now much good company at Bighthelmstone, but I have not been there these five days. This evening we make a party to walk on the

Stein, and return here early. Yesterday I ate boiled mutton and turnips, after three days absolute fast, and to-day at two o'clock I grow impatient for, "Madame, on a servi;" so that I trust my autumnal fever is conquered for this year. It is an annual tax I pay for having passed my grand climacteric of forty-five.

Pray take particular care of your dear health *durant la canicule*.

Adieu, dearest Polly.

## LETTER XIII.

Preston,

Wednesday, July 31, 1776.

I AM content, dear Polly, to let the London Packet, and all the other news-writers, make as free with my name as they do with that of my betters; but I am sorry at the ill-founded paragraph about my health, which has given you pain. I have neither been in the sea, nor seen a physician; and except the strong symptoms of an ague, I do not know of a single one displeasing. Pray tell my good Doctor Churchill, I obey him as implicitly as if he were present, because I have faith, and faith in him I find cures me.

The eclipse was perfectly seen here last night:—not one unfriendly cloud.



I am better to-day, than for several days past, but last night I had a regular ague-fit; yet my present feelings are, that it will not return.

Adieu!

---

### LETTER XIV.

Preston Place,

Sunday, Aug. 4, 1776.

I DID not write to you, my dearest Polly, yesterday, from the great doubt I had of the return of the ague; but I hope it has now left me, as I took on Thursday night and Friday morning near two ounces of bark. I slept well last night, and have had no return since

Thursday, so that I hope that disagreeable companion has left me. Hitherto I have had only mutton broth and bread, but to-day I mean to attack the solid flesh of the sheep, which is delicious on these downs. Do not laugh at my Alderman's taste, if I send you a leg of Sussex downs mutton, for we here hold you have none comparable to it.

I am truly sorry my Æsculapius is ill. Pray give him the same advice you do me: he will attend to it from female lips. I received the packet very safe.

I wrote to Baron Boden to desire all the necessary explanations about the service of Hesse. I enclose you Mr. S——'s letter, *qui n'est pas trop bien*, except the writing. My idea of the Hessian cavalry I think will best answer his wish about horses.

No wheatears yet come; but Lady Barrymore, that English ortolan, is ar-

rived, and came over to see me, driving herself and Charles Fox in a phaeton. Lady Harriet Foley and Mr. Foley have likewise been here to ask me how I do. How gracious and good to a poor persecuted patriot! yet I value the esteem and approbation of Miss Wilkes more than all.

Adieu!

## LETTER XV.

Preston Place,

Wednesday, Aug. 7, 1776.

I HAVE the pleasure, my dear Polly, of your letter of yesterday, and rejoice to hear of your health. I am so much recovered, that I was on horseback twice yesterday, and on Saturday morning I am to make a tour to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight for three or four days. I beg the favour of you, by Friday night's post, to direct the news and letters to me, at the Fountain in Portsmouth; and the same on Saturday night. I will write to you to-morrow or Friday, as to my future little excursions with this family; but I shall soon see my dearest daughter in town. I have had no return of my ague, yet I

continue the bark, and mean to get on horseback whenever I can.

I am much obliged by the kind inquiries of Mr. Bull and my other friends, and beg my respects to them. The wheatears are so lean, they are not eatable, but if I can get any in aldermanic condition, my dear daughter shall have them.

I regret exceedingly this long absence; but it is a sacrifice I make to health, and I trust the winter will give it me confirmed, not to create a moment's uneasiness to my friends.

Adieu!



## LETTER XVI.

Fountain at Portsmouth,  
Sunday, Aug. 11, 1776.

WE had a very pleasant tour here yesterday, dear Polly, from Preston Place, and on my arrival I had the pleasure of your letter, and the papers. Our plan was to have passed over to the Isle of Wight this morning, but the weather is not favourable, and the wind too high for timid females. If it falls, we intend to embark this evening at six, and to pass two or three days on that beautiful spot.

I have had no return of my ague, but I still take the bark twice a day. I hope I am getting a stock of health for the next winter, to follow dutifully all the claims which my good friends the free-

holders of Middlesex have on me in Parliament.

The two hams come as a present from Mr. Warre, an agreeable young gentleman now with us, a Portugal merchant; and Mr. Lodge having been formerly in the same commerce, a present of that kind to him would be as good as the King's present of a large tiger to the Bey of Algiers. He has fourteen such nice hams at Preston. May I desire you to eat one of the hams, and to send the other to Mrs. Charpillion, No. 30, Titchfield Street.

I regret that L. has only a girl, but I suppose he will comfort himself as the two friends in La Fontaine's Contes do.

I have no objection to my dear daughter's passing a few days at ——, but I should rather think a week would trespass on her patience. The time I leave entirely to her prudence and convenience.

I ride now so much, that I am almost the Centaur not fabulous. If my dear Polly is in want of the pictures of our sovereign, if she will send to my excellent treasurer and trustee, Mr. Bull, he will readily accommodate her. I hope however soon to return to my dearest daughter, and to Prince's Court, but I do not mean to interfere with her little ——— tour.

Adieu!

I forgot to mention that as I passed through Chichester, which is famous for lobsters, I ordered the landlord to send you half a score of their small, delicate lobsters. Be so good to send me a packet by Friday's coach, to the Castle at Brighthelmstone, with all letters and news to that time.

## LETTER XVII.

Southampton,  
Friday, Aug. 16, 1776.

THE post only gives me time, my dearest Polly, to mention that after an agreeable tour to the Isle of Wight, we are come well to this place, and propose returning by Portsmouth this afternoon to BRIGHTHELMSTONE. I beg the favour of you to send me a packet by the coach on Tuesday morning, of all letters and the newspapers to BRIGHTHELMSTONE. I believe I shall return to my dearest daughter the next week.

This tour has been, I hope, of singular service to my health; at present I am surprisingly well, and able to ride almost every day.

Adieu, dearest Polly.

## LETTER XVIII.

Preston Place,  
Thursday Morning, Aug. 22, 1776.

I RETURNED here, my dearest Polly, yesterday noon from our little excursion to the Isle of Wight, Wilton, and Salisbury. I have the great joy of both your letters, and the two packets, and more rapturous pleasure I can scarcely experience than I had from that of the 16th. I will not make any addition to what I wrote to you from Salisbury, because my wishes for you at that time cannot be added to, and it is particular, that while I was writing to you on my arrival \* in the evening at Salisbury from Southampton, you were at the same

\* The letter written at Salisbury in the *evening* of the 16th (Miss Wilkes's birth-day) is missing.



time writing to me, on the Friday evening.

I am sorry the man at Chichester cheated you of your lobsters, but I hope some fine wheatears will have a short passage to you, as I mean to send some to-morrow, if any are taken.

I imagine by your letter of the 16th, *that dear, happy day*, that your mamma goes to Epsom next week. If you choose it, you may accompany her, and perhaps you would think it most convenient. I return to Prince's Court on Saturday next, and hope to dine there; but I will not change any of your arrangements about Epsom. I return on Saturday for some business of this family's, who talk of a tour to France.

I believe I have got rid of my troublesome companion, the ague; and I hope to keep the enemy aloof. I will not trouble you to write to me here again, nor to send me any more newspapers,

as I shall so soon return to Prince's Court.

Take care, my dear daughter, of a health so precious to me, and be assured of my warmest love, tenderness, and esteem.

Adieu !

---

## LETTER XIX.

Castle at Salt Hill,  
Friday Night, Dec. 19, 1777.

I FIND no small chagrin already, my dearest Polly, at the thought of losing your company for these few holidays which are allowed us; and all the occupations which I had left for this evening, and till bed-time, are not sufficient to make me as contented as I was yesterday with you. I think the

exercise, and the circulation in me of the country air, especially after two days sitting close to the fire-side, have been of present relief to me. I drank tea at Cranford Bridge; arrived here soon after two, walked a little in the garden, and dined very moderately at four. After my coffee I find myself much better, but it is lucky for me that I am not to travel farther to-day, after the *beaume* I took at four this morning. I intend at present pressing the pillow at ten this night, and to-morrow—but what mortal can answer for to-morrow?—being in the post-chaise before nine, that I may reach Marlborough before the sun leaves us. I am at the present moment much better,

Et mé crois de tous maux, guéri

Au moment que je vous écris;

Car en nul endroit du royaume

Il n'est cataplasme ni *beaume*,

Qui pût me faire autant de bien

Que cette espèce d'entretien.

If you laugh at the bad French verses, —  
I will punish you by making you eat  
*two* oysters, the first time I see you,  
and find them very nice.

My best compliments to the agreeable  
widow, and many apologies for not be-  
ing present to enjoy the honour she does  
you to-day ; and pray parade away with  
my singular character as an alderman,  
to leave behind me a hare, partridge,  
French capon, chine, twelve and half  
dozen of the best old port, madeira,  
mountain, rum, &c. &c. &c. to trust  
myself to the wide world in a country  
where I was imprisoned two years.  
What amazing heroism!

I beg the favour of you to send a  
servant with the enclosed letters.

Good night, sweet Euphrosyne.

## LETTER XX.

Castle at Speen Hill,  
Saturday, Dec. 20, 1777.

I HAD a father, a perfectly good-humoured man, who loved laughing: he said one day to me, "Jack, have you got a purse?" My answer was, "No, Sir."—"I am sorry for it, Jack," said my father; "if you had, I should have given you some money to put in it." I soon got a purse, and in two or three days my father asked me again, "Jack, have you got a purse?"—"Yes, Sir."—"I am glad of it," said my father, "if you had not had a purse, I would have given you one." This was mere fun in my father, for he was exceedingly generous, and gave me all I could wish.

I have a daughter, the sweetest-tem-



perea girl in the world, generous and noble-minded. She gives me both a purse and money, and writes me at the same time the prettiest, most elegant compliment possible, of more value than all the purses and money in the world, not equalled since the time of Madame de Sevigné. The purse I shall keep as long as I live; the money I shall lay out at Bath as a *souvenir* for her of one of the politest and most obliging actions I ever knew. I must always add, happy, happy father in such a daughter.

I sent my dear Polly a large packet of letters last night from Salt Hill, after which I went to bed, and slept tolerably. This morning I got into the chaise at nine, and just before Berton gave me the little box. I am better, yet far from well. I intend sleeping at Marlborough. I forgot to mention that nothing is to be paid for the carriage of the wine, which

Mr. Dixon will send, only a shilling to be given to the men to drink. It should be unpacked, and the old wine separated in the cellar, from the new.

Good morrow, dearest Polly.

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## LETTER XXI.

Castle at Marlborough,  
Saturday Night, Dec. 20, 1777.

I LITTLE imagined, my dearest Polly, that I could ever become *purse-proud*, but I assure you it is my case ever since I received the obliging present which Berton gave me this morning. I value the outside of it much more than the idol on the inside, which all the world runs after. A *purse* from you captivates

me more than a present from Potosi or Peru of any monarch on earth.

I wrote to my dear daughter from Salt Hill and Speen Hill. To-morrow I will notify to you my arrival at Bath, if I get there, as I hope, to dinner ; and on Monday I will contrive to send you a £15 Bank note, which I shall easily get there in the course of that day.

I found the roads to this place from Speen Hill extremely bad, so that I was three hours and a half in the passage, and did not arrive till near six, although I left Salt Hill at a quarter after nine. I am much fatigued, too much for more bad French or English verses, but otherwise well; rather suspicious however of my *cold companion's* paying me another visit, although the *beaume* has made regular attacks on him.

I enclose in another cover two letters to Mr. Smith and Mr. Hern, which I

wish you to read and seal, and send them to the Post-office, where they must be paid for, about a shilling each.

Pray remember me, dearest Polly, dutifully to my mother, and affectionately to the rest of the family, and all friends.

Good night.

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## LETTER XXII.

Bath,

Sunday, Dec. 21, 1777.

Just arrived in this city, and to be seen without loss of time at the *Bear*, in Cheap Street, an *Alderman* of London, alive. He eats, drinks, digests, and sleeps as well as any Christian,

and the last especially in a pew; but he does not always speak like a Christian: the more the pity: 'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, that 'tis true. He is thought by many good judges the greatest curiosity in this city—except himself.

N. B. His stay here will be but short,

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### LETTER XXIII.

Bath,

Monday, Dec. 22, 1777.

I HAVE been engaged, my dearest Polly, the whole morning in paying visits to our old friends here, and unpacking. I made only a little excursion to the fish-market, and desire you to accept a very fine *piper*, and a



pair of soles, which you know Bath boasts of. I should be happy, were it in my power to make the enclosed paper from the governor of the Bank equal to 45,000*l.* at least.

*Bon jour, ma très chere fille.*

I forgot to mention that I lodge at Miss Temple's, a perfect *Huncamunca*, in Gallway's Buildings, there being no room on either Parade, or in the Grove. Colonel Whitmore, Mr. Diggs, and three ladies, occupy the rest of the house, with Miss Temple.

## LETTER XXIV.

Bath,

Thursday, Dec. 25, 1777.

I HAD the pleasure, my dearest Polly, of your two letters of Sunday and Tuesday. I am very glad my different letters all arrived safe, and I hope the Bank note kissed your hands on Wednesday, but I know that I cannot hear of it till to-morrow.

The game came safe, and I sent it all away to our different friends. I have no way of returning dinner obligations but in that manner, and therefore I wrote to Calais to desire game might be sent once a week to me, for the three following weeks, and after that only once a fortnight. I forgot to mention it, and your letter would appear a *contre-tems*. I

wish you therefore to write by *Friday's* post to rectify the mistake, and to desire that the same quantity with a French pie may be sent the next week, and then we shall be right in the good opinion of Madame Leguillon and her son.

My cold companion, the ague, has not revisited me. I have not omitted a single morning taking the *beaume*. Dr. W——n I visited twice, and sent him partridges. He raves about Kitty and America, and seems to have no other ideas; he has kept house above a month from illness; he is very obliging, but I have no invitation yet to dinner.

I have made my bow to the Gordons. The little fairy queen is better.

Lord Kelly and Mr. Warre are to arrive to-day at five, and to dine with us at the Tuns. Tom Scott is come. My resolution is taken of never supping, and of going to bed at eleven; I am

better, yet not well. Lord Coventry, Lady Coventry, Judge Willes, Mrs. Willes, Lord Dillon, &c. &c. I chat much with. Lord George Germaine is expected to-day, *with whom I shall not chat.*

I thank you for your care about the French pie, which went to its destination.

Nothing need be paid either to Moliner, or Roper, as my tether is so short.

I rejoice that my dear cousin in Great Alie Street is better. I hope there are many enjoyments for her in this world, for many years before she becomes an angel in the other.

Berton behaves very well, is perfectly sober and attentive.

Bath is very full, but little good company. The ball on Monday was of 500 persons, but no female danced half so well as the little Grace of Prince's Court,

to whom I wish all the gay compliments of this cheerful season.

My dearest daughter, adieu.

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## LETTER XXV.

Saturday, Dec. 27, 1777.

I HAVE two letters of my dearest Polly's to acknowledge of Wednesday and Thursday, both which gave me very great pleasure. They are most obligingly expressive of her kind partiality to me, and breathe all the spirit of a sensible, pleasing, and ingenuous mind.

I did not intend any thing for Moliner till my return. I settled it so with him to his entire satisfaction, only the half guinea weekly to Reynolds.



You disposed properly of the Lynn turkey, but infinitely better of the French game, if you ate the partridges, &c. yourself.

Adieu, my dearest girl. I am just going to dine in Garrard Street; but before that, a thing worth all the dinners in the world, to kiss the honey dew off the lips of sweet July Brereton.

## LETTER XXVI.

Bath,

Tuesday, Dec. 30, 1777.

I ASSISTED last night, my dearest Polly, at the ball of the master of the ceremonies of the upper rooms, Mr. Dawson; which was a well-dressed crowd of near 900 persons. Very few persons of real fashion, but what is much more engaging, several most beautiful women were there. I admire them at fifty years over my head, like beautiful pictures, and indeed some of them are as well painted as Guido's.

A young lady here desires two covers for the enclosed direction. She means by the *cross* post. Is not the cross  $\times$  charming? But would not the direction have been more complete, if she had

made it perfectly hieroglyphical, thus  
 × n, *cross* and *post*?

Yesterday I dined at Mr. Drax's, with Mr. and Mrs. Drax, Lord and Lady Kilmory, Irish; their son and daughter grown up, &c. &c.

I press the pillow regularly at ten or eleven, and rise at seven, so that I am in high *odeur de regularité ici*.

There are a thousand inquiries after you. I have twice missed the female H——s. The foolish man is as tiresome as ever. Mrs. Macaulay is expected back this week, and the Doctor says her health is greatly improved; the continuation of her History is soon to appear, and I find she has attacked the memory of King William with much acrimony, which will please all the tory wretches of the kingdom. Even Shebeare and Johnson will quote Mrs. Macaulay against King William.

My apartments are very dull, but very warm and spacious. I question however if I should have liked any apartments here without the company of my dearest daughter.

I stay at home most mornings, and in the mind's eye traverse the kingdoms of Arcot and Tanjore, with a few little excursions to Bengal, Berar, and Orissa.

My muse is a jade, and was foundered I believe at Salt Hill, for she has not advanced *two* feet since.

Adieu, dearest girl : continue to love your obliged and affectionate father.

## LETTER. XXVII.

Bath, Jan. 1, 1778.

THE first and dearest wish of my heart, on the beginning of a new year, is for the long uninterrupted happiness of my dearest daughter; the most serene unclouded days, and that true enjoyment of every thing, which a virtuous, sensible, and elegant mind only can taste. My *second* wish only is for myself to see you happy, which will be the truest felicity to me.

I have begun the year well, for I wrote to Mr. Hayley, to beg him to give me credit for two guineas for the poor American prisoners. I am sorry our great national character has suffered so much of late. I hope we are now re-



deeming it ; the first feature of it I think is humanity, the second only bravery. I am poor enough, God knows, and have very little ;

Yet of that little I have some to spare,  
To feed the hungry, and to clothe the bare ;  
as honest John Dryden says.

Dr. S——g, that *worthless* dog, worth 40,000*l.* was detected on Christmas-day, putting eight guineas in his coat-pocket, which he sily conveyed out of the plate, at the church-door, intrusted to his care. Yet the day after, several soi-disant gentlemen dined with him. I have not yet their names.

The newspapers only have given me intelligence of Deputy P——r's legacy. I read it first in the lying, scandalous Morning Post. I suspect there is no more truth in it than in the other paragraphs of that paper.

Be so good to present my duty to my mother, with fervent wishes for the return of many happy years to her. My compliments of the new year likewise to the amiable widow, Mrs. Conti, &c. &c.

This morning's machine is ordered to bring you some fish, which, from the very cold weather, I hope will arrive perfectly fresh.

I wrote to Molliner to fix a day for his coming to Prince's Court. I expect his answer on Monday. This will save you all trouble and thought on the subject. On Saturday or Monday I shall probably fix the day of my return.

My resolution of keeping good hours here is as invariable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and my good Lord Kelly applauds it, and confirms me in it. I have constantly been in bed at eleven, and not once missed taking the beaume.

Lady Mary Obrien's marriage with

Mr. Fitzmaurice, is the tale of January and May. F. however is perfectly good-humoured. I have written to felicitate Lord Inchiquin on the occasion.

Both Christians and Jews in abundance desire their compliments to you. Lord Kelly among the first, then the Draxes, the Breretons, the Delacours, the Gideonites, &c. &c. There is a Miss Rian here, the most beautiful woman at Bath, just twenty-one, who proposed yesterday that we should drink Miss Wilkes's health, standing up all of us. On Saturday morning I am to escort her, Mrs. and Miss July Brereton, her mother by a former husband, Mrs. Bagnal, and a handsome Miss Bagnal, to a rural breakfast and concert given a select party, by Governor Thickness at Bathwick.

Good day, and good year, my dear good girl.

## LETTER XXVIII.

Bath,

Sunday, Jan. 4, 1778:

I SENT Mrs. Molineux's letter, my dearest Polly, to Mrs. Martin as soon as I received it; but, alas! I heard the poor lady became a widow last Monday.

Mrs. Macaulay returned to Dr. Wilson on Friday. I saw her yesterday very ill indeed, and raving against France, and every thing in that country. She even says their soups are detestable, as bad as Lacedemonian black broth, and their game insipid, all their meat bad, and their poultry execrable. Yet she says, that she dined at some of the best tables, and was infinitely caressed. She saw Dr. Franklin, but refused his invitation to dinner, for fear of being confined on her

return in consequence of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. "Lord Jesus Christ, Mr. Wilkes, you know I am very fond of partridges; I saw them often served up, but could not eat them, I found them so hard and ill-flavoured." I staid with her near an hour, in which time I believe she exclaimed twenty times, "Lord Jesus Christ!" She was painted up to the eyes, and looks quite ghastly and ghostly. She has sent away her English woman, and has only a French valet de chambre and friseur, at which the reverend Doctor is indignant, and with whom the English servants already quarrel. I hope this will not prove ominous of a more general quarrel between the two nations.

I received the parcel by the coach, and thank you for your kind care.

The following epigram I found in the poet Rousseau's works. It is so perfect,



I have a pleasure in transcribing it for you.

Ce monde-ci n'est qu'une œuvre comique,  
 Où chacun fait ses rôles differens.  
 Là sur la scène, en habit dramatique,  
 Brillent prélats, ministres, conquérans.  
 Pour nous, vil peuple, assis aux derniers rangs,  
 Troupe futile, et des grands rebutée,  
 Par nous d'en bas la pièce est écoutée.  
 Mais nous payons, utiles spectateurs ;  
 Et quand la farce est mal représentée,  
 Pour notre argent nous sifflons les acteurs.

Linguet's last number is foolish. As soon as I return I shall call on Mrs. Smith, and thank her for the pretty present of the muff to you. How infinitely amiable is old age when unattended with frowardness, and accompanied with all the goodness of heart and benevolence which distinguish her !

I shall certainly return the next week, and I will fix the day by Tuesday's or Wednesday's post.

I think the wine should be unpacked immediately. You had better hire two men for that purpose directly, and let Francis overlook them, and set down what number of bottles are in each of the six casks. In the cellar the new wine should be separated from the old, and a distinct account taken of each.

Did my dear girl receive the fish, and was it very fine?

The party yesterday to Governor Thickness's did not take place, on account of his illness; so I breakfasted and dined *en famille* with the Breretons.

Here is a tall Welsh Mrs. P—s, beautiful beyond description; but in pity to us she will dance and talk, and thus pours balm into the wounds she gives.

Good morrow, my dearest Polly.

## LETTER XXIX.

Bath,

Monday, Jan. 5, 1778.

I HAVE just received the pleasure of my dear daughter's letter of yesterday, and am always most happy to hear of her health.

I am sorry that Mrs. Molineux has had a return of her gout. As soon as I hear of her being here, I shall welcome her arrival.

Molliner desires to come to Prince's Court the Thursday or Saturday after Plough Monday, this day sevensnight, the end of their holidays, and I shall write to him accordingly to-morrow to meet me there. His letter is full of the extravagant civilities of the sort of those kind of people.

Mrs. M—— did not see her daughter on her return from France, although she was two days at London, and the young lady is at Blacklands. It is reported here that she said, it was absurd to have children.

Dr. S——g never returned home after the detection. His wife received a letter five days after, in which he only said, she would never see him again.

The Baron has sent me an incomparable French song on D'Eon, but I question if I have courage enough to shew it you, it is of so doubtful a gender, like the subject. I wish for some French game, because it is so acceptable to our friends here.—Poor P—y! *Ye Gods, what havock does ambition make among your works!* I exclaim, when I read your account of his death from the Baron.

Sweet Miss Rian returned to Southampton yesterday.

My regularity always continues, and

is a fort quite impregnable. Lord Kelly makes no attacks now upon it; for, from a fever which seized his Lordship three days ago, he is reduced to very weak negus. His cheerfulness and wit are infinite.

I hope you will receive some fine mutton the middle of the week.

Did you reconnoitre my style in the letter printed in the Public Advertiser of Saturday, about Governor P-w-n-l-l's epitaph on his wife, who, by the by, was no better than she should be?

Lord Abingdon arrived here on Friday, to my great joy.

I have given little Juliet a copy of Thomson's Seasons, which I had here. I wrote her name in the beginning, thus:

Miss Brereton,

fairer nymph than ever blest

Arcadian stream!

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Good night, dear Polly.



## LETTER XXX.

Bath,

Wednesday, Jan. 7, 1778.

I THINK that I am now so well recovered, my dearest Polly, from the fatigues of my late journey, that after a week more I shall have resolution enough to begin another, like the flying highwayman. I intend to leave Bath next Wednesday, the 14th, and, of course, lie that night, at the Castle in Marlborough. The next day will probably bring me to Salt Hill, and the Friday to dine with my beloved daughter in Prince's Court. This is my present peep into futurity.

I write to Molliner to meet me in Prince's Court on Saturday or Sunday morning, according to his own convenience.

I have no news of Mrs. Molineux.

The rage of politics is, I think, more violent at Bath than even at London, and nothing is talked of but America, except Kitty Macaulay, who grows worse daily. The Doctor looks stupid and sulky.

Poor Warre has been very ill ever since his arrival at Bath, and one of his legs has been laid open, so that he still keeps his chamber, and passes the day at piquette with Sir Thomas Mills and Mr. Ross. What a miserable existence is this to a man of sense and spirit! I am afraid he buys pleasure very dear, with much pain. I think with Pope,

Let the strict life of graver mortals be  
 A long, exact, and serious comedy :  
 In every scene some moral let it teach,  
 And, if it can, at once both please and preach.  
 Let mine an innocent gay farce appear,  
 And more diverting still than regular ;  
 Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,  
 Tho' not too strictly bound to time and place.

I continue the beaume very regularly, and am now beyond fear of a return of the ague. My regularity, even at Bath, is become a habit, from which I hope, with the *grace efficace*, never to depart.

Dr. Delacour is dangerously ill here. Mrs. D——r is as dull, Mrs. G——n as witty, and Miss D—s as ugly, as good-humoured, and coquettish as ever. I am as much as ever, and more it is not possible to be, your affectionate father.

Adieu !

## LETTER XXXI.

Bath,

Thursday, Jan. 8, 1778.

THIS day's post, my dearest Polly, has brought me your favour of Tuesday, which gave me very great pleasure.

I mentioned yesterday my setting out from this place next Wednesday, and my usual stages. I beg you to send me here by Monday night's post, all letters, &c. as I shall not leave Bath on Wednesday till the arrival of the post, and I shall be amused on the road with the newspapers, &c. On Tuesday and Wednesday I wish you to send me the letters and papers directed to me at the *Castle, Salt Hill, Bucks*; as I mean to lie there on Thursday night.

I hope to see Mrs. Molineux well to-morrow night, and will certainly send you an account of her three-days journey, by Saturday's post.

I thought the epigram would highly please you, from its being exquisitely turned.

I hope to convince you on my return that in the true enamel of gold we almost equal the French, from a little bijou I have for my dearest daughter.

*Bon jour, chere Euphrosyne.*



## LETTER XXXII.

Bath,

Saturday, Jan. 10, 1778.

I HAD the pleasure, my dear daughter, of seeing your amiable friend, Mrs. Molineux, yesterday morning at her new lodgings, No. 27, in Milsom Street. She was more expeditious than she intended, for she lay at Speen Hill, and arrived at Bath the second day, Thursday. We talked, as usual, a good deal of the little *lamb*, and all her gentle qualities. I find that she is no favourite with the old Doctor, who asked peevishly “What does Mrs. M. do again at Bath? what does she come for?”—“Health, Doctor; and I hope so valuable a lady will find it.” No answer.

To-day I am to dine at the Hamiltons,

by an invitation of Mrs. Hamilton. I intend to carry Miss a ball-ticket of Bartolozzi for our Easter dinner.

I have not heard from Great Alie Street, although I wrote to my brother on new-year's-day, and inquired particularly about my sweet niece.

I wish you to present my duty to my mother, and compliments to all inquiring friends. I received the parcel very safe, and the pheasants fresh and good.

I am now winding up my bottoms for decamping on Wednesday.

*Bon jour, ma chere fille.*

## LETTER XXXIII.

Bath,

Monday, Jan. 12, 1778.

WELL, my dearest daughter, as you confess the influence of *female* curiosity, and are so desirous of seeing the song on the *Chevaliere*—why—I enclose it—with the strict injunction on your *allegiance* to me—of burning it—but you may read it first—and as, it is said, second thoughts are the best, you may preserve it for me till my return.

I thank you for the exact care you took of the *new* wine, and I mean to keep a better look-out after it, as to servants, than I ever did before.

I received all the game, and the pie, in perfect order. I sent Mrs. Molineux a brace of partridges, and a capon,

which she acknowledged to be perfectly fresh.

I dined yesterday at the S——'s with the father, two Miss S——, Mrs. A——, who seems very *sick unto life*, the Colonel, and Mr. B——n; a truly domestic day in a family of no genius or amiableness.

It is not only my opinion, but that of the generality of Mrs. M——'s friends, that her head is affected, and some indiscretions with Dr. G—— are the common topic of conversation.

I have an invitation to dine to-morrow at Dr. W——'s. It came, by the French valet-de-chambre of Mrs. Macaulay, last night, at near eleven. I was really previously engaged, and therefore sent an excuse.

I hope I am now quite delivered from my late cold companion, and that my

little journey to town will quite confirm my health.

As you will not have this letter till Wednesday, and I hope to dine with my dear girl on Friday, I do not intend to write again, but come to you in person, to assure you how very tenderly and affectionately I am ever yours.

Adieu!

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### LETTER XXXIV.

Castle at Marlborough,  
Saturday Night, April 11, 1778.

I AM, indeed, arrived at Marlborough, my dearest Polly, but the Alderman is so exhausted and fatigued, so *epuisé, et rendu*, that I could not have force enough to keep the pen between



my fingers, if I did not exert myself in a particular way for you, more than I should be able for any other person—even any other female, in the world. I shall never undertake such a journey again in so short a time, unless to meet you—then I should do it with pleasure.

The sun was really too powerful to-day, as his beams came directly upon me; but after a long, dead winter, I hailed, with rapture, his genial influence; and though the dust, from Hounslow quite to this place, was extremely troublesome, yet, as a dry spring is thought best for England, I comforted myself, like a good patriot, under that private and personal inconvenience.

I mean to rise to-morrow at seven, if the excess of fatigue to-day will allow the quitting my bed so soon, and, if I am not driven to a long halt to-morrow at the Devizes, I shall certainly acquaint

my beloved daughter of my arrival at Bath, by to-morrow's post. How you can justify it to your conscience not to accompany an *aged father* on such an expedition, I do not readily comprehend, no more than your accepting presents, you, a patriot's daughter, from a French dutchess, when we are on the eve of a war with the *whole house of Bourbon*. I desire, by the return of the post, you would endeavour to explain these things as well as you can, for I despair of a satisfactory solution of either of them, but I dare say I shall find much ingenuity, perhaps a little sophistry.

I have a curiosity to see the *Courier Politique et Litteraire* for *last Friday* and *next Tuesday*. I wish my dear girl to send Francis for those two numbers. They are sold at Yeates and Robinson's, in Panton Street, near the Haymarket, at fourpence each. I only wish

those two papers, not the continuation, and that you would enclose them to me by the post, cutting the margins.

Good night, dear Polly : just ready to fall into the arms of—sleep.

Adieu !

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### LETTER XXXV.

Bath,

Sunday, April 12, 1778.

CONSTANCY ! thy name is Wilkes : and constancy to Huncamunca is a prodigy, a miracle of the latter ages, and yet literally true. I am here again, in Miss Temple's lodgings, in Gallway's Buildings, and my fair landlady has been just dropping me such a broad-wheel curtesey, that I trembled for the floor, and the floor trembled likewise.

I wrote to you last night from Marlborough, and, notwithstanding my violent exertions, I rose this morning at six, and was able to attack a large roll with success, on the strength of which I proceeded to this capital of health and folly.

I find Bath very thin for the spring season, and I believe the embodying of the militia in so many counties will deprive the harpies here of a good deal of their prey. I have no news yet of the *amiable couple* at — House, but my next letter will give you a little history of all your acquaintance here.

I wish you to send me the last Saturday's number of the *Espion François à Londres*, when you make a packet by the coach or diligence.

I was much surprised to find the spring more advanced every where in the country than in your park, and the immediate

environs of London. The sweet infants of the spring are here raising their beauteous heads above the dull earth, and the groves charm already with the music of the feathered choristers, which are still more harmonious than the feathered females in the upper or lower rooms.

I wish you to send me the enclosed number of a new work ; for a new map of the world for sixpence is the cheapest thing I know.

My affectionate duty to my dear mother, and compliments to all inquiring friends.

Adieu, dear Euphrosyne.



## LETTER XXXVI.

Gallway's Buildings,  
Monday, April 13, 1778.

I DINED here yesterday, my dearest Polly, with my amiable friend Colonel Whitmore, and another officer ; but I was greatly hurt to see the poor Colonel so racked with the gout, that in intervals only could he possess himself enough to enjoy company. In the evening I went to the lower rooms, and drank tea with an old tabby dowager, a Lady Charlemont, a Mrs. Merrick, who inquired much after you, and the little Juliet, who forgot the gentleness of her nature in her reproofs of my coming without you. The master of the ceremonies threatened me, that I should not be admitted any more without a lady,

who did honour he said wherever she went.

Poor Doctor M—— ! The mind is the same, but its case is dreadfully shattered. Yet he was in the rooms last night. Methinks a total retirement under such circumstances would more gracefully close the scene. The chapter of *Strulbugs*, in Swift, is the best cure I know of the foolish wish of too long life. Dr. W——, too, is half gone, and it would scarcely be a sin to bury him as he is. I paid my respects to him this morning, and found him trembling at once with eagerness and age. Mrs. M—— was not at home, but I have since had a card in print from her : “ Mrs. M.’s compliments to Mr. W. Mrs. M. will be at home every Thursday to tea and cards.” This is all the news I have of Bath.

Good morrow, dearest Polly.

## LETTER XXXVII:

No. 5, Gallway's Buildings,  
Wednesday, April 15, 1778.

I AM undoubtedly the greatest fop at Bath, or the most perfect *macaronissimo* of the age, that an amiable young lady begins her letter to me about a *coat*, and, very pleasingly I own, laughs about the "*froc François du patriote Anglois.*" This is very witty too, and the contrast happy; but the young lady, who talks so to me, is Mademoiselle *Aldermania*, the daughter, as I flatter myself, of the Alderman of Farringdon Without.

Will you be so good now, gravely, dear Polly, to keep *this same froc* in town till my return, after paying the necessary expenses attending the carriage, &c. &c. and I hope to have the plea-

sure of attending you to *Ranelagh* in it more than once this season. But would you have me a *turn-coat*, from *red* to *blue*, from *blue* to *red*?

I wish to know who the Lord — Gordon is who has attacked Lord North in so unwarrantable a manner, and talked not only of dirty, but “villanous” contracts, a word even our parliamentary ears have not yet heard. Can it be Lord George Gordon, brother to the Duke, member for Luggershall?

We have had the finest weather imaginable ever since my arrival.

I called at Hoare’s to-day, about the picture of Mrs. Cox. He was gone to Stourton, but returns to-morrow, when I will see him.

My last speech *a fait fortune ici*.

Good night, dear daughter.

Be so good to send me the epigram,  
“*Il craint le grillade, comme un dindon.*”

## LETTER XXXVIII.

Saturday, April 18, 1778.

“**EXEMPLARY** in the dissipated place I am gone to *convert*.” Did I ever, dear Polly, talk of *converting* the sinners here? I should almost as soon undertake *converting* the ministerial sinners I have left behind. Besides, charity begins at home. Should I not first *convert* myself? But, perhaps you think me so good already, I have no need of any change. I am not quite of this opinion, and, if *Voltaire* was here, I should say to him, with the Chevalier de Boufflers,

*Convertissez-moi, je vous prie,*

*Vous en avez tant pervertie.*

The trait of the Maréchal de Biron does honour to human nature. It is one of the greatest actions of this age; and its intrinsic merit, in my idea, out-



weighs all the military splendour of the great exploits of the famous Maréchal de Biron under Henry IV. I have known many instances of greatness of soul in Englishmen: I am sorry to say, few, very few, in our gay, polite neighbours; but this is of the first water.

I wish the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and common council, a digestion of their Easter feast as good as their appetite, and have a few things in life to regret more than my loss of the city custard.

The great fishmonger here has packed up a pair of the finest soles I ever saw, which I hope you will receive perfectly fresh. The next week I shall have the pleasure of sending you some delicate Welsh mutton.

*Bon jour, belle Marie.*

## LETTER XXXIX.

Thursday, April 23, 1778.

My dear, amiable Polly, I approve every thing you do and say, and you judged about the bed in my room with your usual propriety and justice. I thank you for your kind attention to such an object, and, indeed, to every thing in which my comfort and pleasure are concerned. The greatest blessing which Heaven can bestow on any man, is a daughter like you—unless, indeed, it be the favoured mortal who can call you his by a still closer connexion, and be perpetuated by another-resemblance of yourself and him; which would complete my happiness, as a father.

We had snow here for three hours

yesterday, and ice half an inch thick this morning.

I sent you yesterday some most delicate Welsh mutton and a cheese, which must be kept four days after its arrival.

I beg you to accept the enclosed piece of thin paper. If it had been adequate to your merit, the figures would have been 10,000,000 sterling: but we poor patriots have little to give except wishes; but to you they come warm from the heart, which is your empire.

Lord Coventry and Mr. Jekyll are both arrived. On Saturday I am to dine at Alfred House, to-day with Mr. Plunkett.

Good morrow, my beloved Polly.

## LETTER XL.

Saturday, April 25, 1778.

POLLY, dear, sweet Polly, I have got a new coat, and it is all blue, and it has a fine gold edging, and I have a fine silk waistcoat, and it is all ribbed, and is blue, and has likewise a gold edging, and I have small-clothes all blue, and fine mother-of-pearl buttons, in every one of which you might see your pretty face. Now I intend to go to Ranelagh, with you, in this same fine waistcoat and coat, but then you must have a new gown, or all the fine folks will jeer me; therefore, as I am preparing for my return, you must call at Mr. Redhead's, and have a fine new gown made immediately, and then I will go with you the first day you choose.

I thank you for your letter of Thursday. Pray return the fair widow, not my *compliment*, but my *love*, tender *love*.

I was much pleased with the elegant idea of Mrs. Warkman, respecting the locket; and the memory of Miss Polly, I am sure, will always be dear to you, as well as to all her other true friends.

To-day I dine with Mrs. Macaulay and the Doctor. To-morrow, being Sunday, I travel to Bristol, to have the benefit of your prayers, but return in the evening.

Lord Irnham came here last night, and breakfasted here this morning with Mr. Mrs. and sweet Juliet Brereton, and a Miss Newman, young, ugly, and amiable.

*Bon jour.*



## LETTER XLI.

Tuesday.

I RECEIVED, my dearest Polly, the pleasure of your little note yesterday, but had not time to thank you for it. Lord Irnham tells every body that he comes to Bath to see Wilkes, and so I engross him. Yesterday we went to Kitty M——'s, as she is still called, instead of the grave, dull, Mrs. Catharine, and, indeed, yesterday she looked as rotten as an old catharine-pear. Lord I. was disgusted with her manner, &c. Darley has just published a new caricatura of her and the Doctor, which she owns has vexed her to the heart. It is worth your buying.

Brereton's ball is on Friday. I mean to assist at it, and to leave Bath on Sa-

turday; but I fancy that I shall return to town by Stourton, and Salisbury, which is only thirty miles out of my way, if I am ever out of my way. I am out of the way of pleasure when I am not with my dearest daughter. Be so good to send me the news, &c. here, by Thursday's post, but not after. You will have my whole plan to-morrow or Thursday; but the end of the next week, if not sooner, I shall return to my excellent daughter.

I am going to dine with Mr. Cruger.

Good morrow: continue to love me, dearest Polly.

## LETTER XLII.

Stourton,

Sunday, May 3, 1778.

I LEFT Bath, my dear daughter, yesterday noon, and came across the country to this terrestrial paradise; but as I could not get horses at Frome, I was obliged to come on with the same fatigued animals, which brought me here. A deluge of rain has descended upon this drowned country ever since yesterday morning, and I despair of a gleam of sunshine to view the beauties of Stourhead. I am ready to exclaim every moment with my old friend Armstrong,

And is it fix'd in the decrees above  
That lofty Albion melt into the main?

I must give you a Bath anecdote about

myself, which has been much the subject of conversation. Mrs. G—nv-lle and Miss are detested at Bath, almost universally. Last Thursday, at Bath Easton, some satirical lines were read, against several Bath ladies, and concluding with *Mrs. Gr. and Miss*, like the arrivals in a Bath newspaper. They were supposed to come from Mr. Jekyll. Mrs. Gr. was outrageous. I had not heard the verses, nor knew the circumstance, but, Friday morning, walking on the North Parade, with some ladies, who treated the Gr-nv-lles in a very free manner, one of them asked me, if I had been at Bath Easton, and remembered the verses, which concluded *Mrs. Gr-nv-lle and Miss*. I thought it a strange end of a line, but said, laughing, I was there, and remembered the lines, but totally disapproved them. It was insisted I should

repeat them, and *sur le champ* I said they were,

To be hated by all, and still do amiss,  
You have only to copy Mrs. Gr-nv-lle and Miss.

The two lines were applauded and remembered. Lord Kilmory, who does not love Governor Gr-nv-lle, or any of the family, wrote them down, and they were liked at Bath from the gratification they afforded to malevolence. I denied them of course, as they were not copied exact, and said they were improper and untrue, as I heard *Mrs. Gr-nv-lle and Miss* were universally beloved—a laugh from the company—and unexceptionable—again laughter, holding both his sides. The Duke de Pignatelli told me, he thought Miss G. the worst-bred young woman in Europe. He was not contradicted. Yet she has had every advantage of education; but pride, ill-



breeding, absurdity, rudeness, and even awkwardness, constitute her character. Jekyll told me his lines describing Bath were,

M-c-c-r-t-n-y, M-c—l-y, and what's more than this,  
Mrs. Wight, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Gr-nv-ll-e and Miss.

But he added, My verses are only humour, yours are satire, equally true and keen. How edifying is the conduct of Mr. Alderman Wilkes to Mr. Hoare, who lives in his ward! I have been this morning at church, and heard a really good sermon on Faith, Hope, and Charity, three sweet sisters, the eldest of which, however, I know little of; but the other two good girls are my favourites, and I wish always to dwell with me. I have since seen Mr. Hoare's house, which contains many excellent pictures. The views from it are exquisite. The house itself is a good gentleman's house, and

within the last three years he has added a gallery at one end, which has an happy effect, and is well furnished with paintings. I have been through the ridings, and very highly entertained, notwithstanding the mizzling rain, which still continues. I never beheld the beauties of nature so well set off by a judicious taste of ornament as here, and art joins in through the whole, without being too conspicuous. The verdure is more perfect than I ever saw that tender emerald green, of which Gray speaks. Wood, lawn, water, hill, plain, form this beautiful landscape, happily joined.

I forgot to mention that last Thursday I went with a party to Corsham, nine miles from Bath, to see Mr. Methuen's pictures, the collection of the famous Sir Paul Methuen. The next visit you pay to Bath, pray remember to go there. There are three portraits of Sir Joshua

Reynolds, of which the colouring has entirely faded, and only his inimitable grace remains. The collection has some of the finest pictures in Europe.

I intend to lie to-morrow at the Antelope in Salisbury, and hope to be with you, dear Polly, on Wednesday evening.

I enclose a letter for Mrs. Heartley, which I wish you to send to the general post.

The bells rung here two hours for me, and, what is wonderful, no ringers have been to make their appearance. At Frome the whole town was in an uproar. I think I am a public nuisance, and, therefore, I will banish myself from hence to-morrow early.

Good night, dear Polly. Continue to love me.

Mrs. Cox's picture is found by Mr. Hoare, and it resembles her even now. He means to finish, and send it her.

## LETTER XLIII.

Monday, Aug. 31, 1778.

PRINCE'S COURT is become, my dear Polly, as much out of favour with me as the King's court. It has lost its grace and charm, and has little to recommend it since Saturday: yet I have a fair hope of its recovering its lustre, a circumstance not probable for the other court.

I received the favour of your letter, and am happy that you had a good journey. I sent the note, with a post letter of this day, to Mrs. Molineux, at Carshalton, and will take care of that to Monsieur Moreau to-morrow. The French post arrived this afternoon, but brought us no letters.

I dined on Saturday with Mr. Burke,

and the favourite. There was no other company. It was a quiet day. I returned to town between nine and ten.

Lord George Gordon breakfasted here this morning, and is commencing a political writer of real merit.

I am glad the *box* arrived safe. You say, "nothing is like *two* directions." What are *three* like?

My mother sends me word, that she is quite recovered. I intend to congratulate her this evening.

I wish you to preserve the Gazetteer of this day on account of the first letter in it.

Adieu, my dear daughter; remember my particular compliments to Mrs. Warkman.



## LETTER XLIV.

Prince's Court,  
Wednesday, Sept. 2, 1778.

WE have been indefatigable here, my dear Polly, in our endeavours to beautify this old mansion, and the painters have already made a considerable progress. I have given the maids a furlough each of three days. Mary went into Suffolk this morning, and Sarah is to go on Saturday. I have dined at home alone every day, and been extremely occupied in the troublesome business of arranging books and papers. I have still two days more hard work.

I saw my mother yesterday in good health and spirits. She desires me to thank you for your affectionate remembrance.

I shall send you the Public Advertiser with other papers, but I wish you to save them, and to bring them with you to town.

We have no news of any kind. The letter of Samuel Adams in this day's General Advertiser is well worth your perusal.

I received, and forwarded, yesterday Mrs. Molineux's three letters, to Mrs. Case, Mrs. Beckingham, and Sam.

I hope to send you some venison the end of the week. I feed on mutton, and press the pillow every night at ten, awaking to the dulness of the day, till you chase it away, between six and seven.

I am more than I can tell you yours.

Good night, dear Polly.

## LETTER XLV.

Saturday, Sept. 5, 1778.

I WAS made very happy yesterday, my dear Polly, by your letter, and my mind has been freed from the anxiety which I suffered all Thursday.

I am glad you had an agreeable tour to Mrs. Chamier's, and hope you will make frequent excursions around the cheerful country.

We are very busy in preparing every thing for your reception. The parlour will be finished this evening, and the hall on Monday. The drawing-room is so dirty, that I have been persuaded to have it painted, and it is to be finished by Thursday night. The smell, however, I fear, will continue three or four days after, so that I think my dear daugh-

ter had better contrive not to return to Prince's Court till Monday sevensnight, at least to stay. I shall continue in town the whole time.

I sent you yesterday some venison, which I hope proved very fine.

I wrote a card to my mother yesterday, and requested her acceptance of Milton's prose works, to which she returned the enclosed polite note.

Your impatience about the fleets will probably soon be gratified, for it seems agreed that they are in sight of each other.

Mr. Butler dined here yesterday, and to-morrow goes to Ireland for a month.

I saw Governor Johnstone's favourite yesterday. She says that he is very active as a naval officer against the Americans, and believes has a man of war given him, which I own surprises me, because, in the letter of the commis-

sioners to the Congress, which he signed, it is said, "we cannot take any part in the active operations of the war." He was sent to negotiate, not to fight; to endeavour peace, not to continue the war.

I have, since I wrote the above, received my dear girl's letter of yesterday. I pity the people of Epsom for devoting so many hours to the dullest of all amusements, cards, which reduce the whole species to a level. A party of twenty-five is terrible in this sultry season.

I sent the note to Mrs. Gordon. The young lady is better.

Good night.



## LETTER XLVI.

Tuesday, Sept. 8, 1778.

I HAD the pleasure of your letter, my dearest Polly, yesterday; and I leave to your prudence every arrangement relative to your return. The sooner that takes place, greatly the more to my wish and happiness, but I fear for your delicacy the disagreeable smell of the paint. Mrs. Gordon forbids your coming till Monday; you will decide for yourself, and perhaps you might lie a night or two at Mrs. Molineux's, in Berkeley Street, on this emergency. In all cases I am here fixed to the soil, most happy to receive you.

I shall send no more newspapers after to-day, but wait your directions.

It is fixed for me to dine at Mr. Wal-

pole's at Carshalton next Sunday, but I go in the morning, and return in the evening.

I rejoice that the venison proved so fine.

I have taken care of the letters.

Adieu, my dear daughter.

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## LETTER XLVII.

### ORDERS

*For our trusty and well-beloved MARY WILKES, of Prince's Court, Westminster, Spinster.*

I. You are to pay the most particular attention to the health of our dear daughter, and if she returns home late in an evening, you are to take care

that she be clothed very warm, and that both the glasses of the coach be kept up.

II. You are to acquaint her, that we shall find a real pleasure in complying with all her wishes and desires for the city of Bath, whether they extend to any kind of bijoux, or are more limited to the other various kinds of produce of that place, for herself, or her friends.

III. Whereas we have received information, that several kinds of game are coming from France, for our great comfort; we authorize you to detain for your own use, whatever quantity you judge proper, and of each sort, as likewise any French pie or pies, Maroles, Rochefort, or other cheeses.

IV. Whereas we have at various and sundry times, received the greatest entertainment from letters written by our said dear daughter, you are hereby required to declare to her, that the most

pleasing things we can see till our return to our Court, near the Park, will be her hand-writing, and therefore you are to warn her to be frequent in so obliging an act towards us.

v. Whereas Heaven has been pleased to continue to my family a most valuable parent, of a considerable age, you are to give the satisfaction of knowing the state of health of a person who so deeply interests not only us, her near relatives, but all who know her; and this you are enjoined to do frequently.

vi. Whereas this climate is charged with gross vapours, and at this season nature looks melancholy, and every thing holds a most dreary aspect, you are commanded in our absence to cultivate only the most cheerful company, and to assist frequently at those amusements *only*, which are calculated to inspire gay ideas,

and to make yourself as happy, as those will be, who are with you.

Given at our *Castle* on the brow of *Speen Hill*, this nineteenth day of December, 1778.

PAPA WILKES.

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## LETTER XLVIII.

No. 5, Gallway's Buildings, Bath,  
Sunday, Dec. 20, 1778.

I STEPT into the post-chaise this morning at day-break, my dear Polly, and arrived here at four. I wrote to you last night from *Speen Hill*, where I passed the night. I never saw a more beautiful morning; all the colours of *Claude Lorraine's* landscapes, all the illuminations of the French opera, were



faint, and absolutely dead, to this wonder of the great Author of nature. I cannot conceive any thing more sublime or beautiful. Quite to this place I was favoured with the smiles of heaven; and it is no compliment from a father to tell you, that if you had been in the post-chaise with me, to have enjoyed these glorious objects, I should have been quite happy. I never saw any thing equal. Even Berton was wonderfully struck.

I beg your acceptance of the enclosed very trifle.

I have not my old apartments here, which are occupied by a Rev. Dr. Lewes, the brother of Sir Watkin; but I continue in other apartments under the same roof, with the same Christian *Fatima* of a landlady. I shall give you more particulars by the next post, but I would not omit by this, to assure my beloved daughter, that I am affectionately, &c. &c. &c.

My good mother will contrive for my dear Polly about the enclosed, if there should be any occasion.

Good night.

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### LETTER XLIX.

Bath,

Monday, Dec. 21; 1778.

AFTER my letter to you, my dear Polly, I dressed and went to Alfred House. The coffee-house had more charms for the Doctor, than the late habitation of Mrs. M——, and he was there. The old servant would have persuaded me to have suffered him to acquaint his master, that I was there, but I refused. This morning I received early the enclosed card from the Doctor,

but as I was engaged for Friday, the party is put off till Saturday, when I am to dine at ———. I was there to-day, and had a long conversation with the Doctor, who is outrageous, and is thoroughly convinced *from facts* of the lady's former intimacy with Dr. ———, and he thinks her a monster. He read me her *long* letter the day of her marriage, as supposed just before the celebration; it contains every variety of style: it is indecent, insolent, mean, fawning, threatening, coaxing, menacing, and declamatory. Such words I believe never escaped a female pen. The Doctor's answers are short and pithy, that her character is gone, and that she shall never again come to A———, nor will he ever see her. He has discharged all the servants she recommended. The old servant, whom she hated, and ineffectually often urged him to discharge,

is now in high favour. The house the Doctor owns to be hers, but detains it, by the advice of *three* lawyers, till she reimburses him the immense sums he had paid on her account, which he says are twice the value of the house. The Doctor I suppose can never forgive her expressions, and his love seems turned to rage and hatred. He looks ten years older than in April, but says that he is happy in the congratulations of all the world. I am treated as the declared favourite.

This is all the news, dear daughter, of to-day. Yesterday I wrote to you, and enclosed a trifling Bath bill.

I thank you for your little note of Saturday, and hope you will send me still better news on Monday. I dined to-day at Major Molesworth's, with a large party, who all send you their compliments.

Adieu, dear Polly.

## LETTER L.

Bath,

Tuesday, Dec. 22, 1778.

I BEG the favour of you, my dear Polly, to accept a pair of very fine soles, and a beautiful *piper*—I must *pay the piper* too, but I do it with pleasure for you—I remember your jokes on my marked partiality for Bath mutton, but I hope to convert you, and the true way would be by sending you some super-excellent, which I trust that I shall be able to do by the end of the week.

All the things, which you packed so well, came without the least damage; but one of the prints packed by Doughty, had the glass broken.

The ink-stand I have found out all the contrivances of, and it is not only per-



fectly convenient, but very beautiful on my chimney-piece.

Mrs. ———, as I passed through Prince's Court, desired me to call on her sister, and to acquaint you how she was. I met her yesterday in her morning walk. She seemed in very good spirits, but her face was more that of a leper than of a person only afflicted with a northern scurvy. You will of course soften this to her, but to me she appeared in an alarming state.

I beg you to remember me very dutifully and affectionately to my good mother, and kindly to our good neighbour Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Molineux, &c. &c.

The Rev. Dr. ———, Sir ———'s elder brother, with a better estate and understanding than Sir ———, had my old apartments here, and I have Colonel Whitmore's, who is moved to another

house of Miss Temple's. I dine with the Doctor on Thursday, and Mrs. Lewes, a good woman, a natural daughter of the late Lord Northington.

Good night, dearest daughter.

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## LETTER LI.

Thursday, Dec. 24, 1778.

I, who am a most profound politician, would advise you, my dearest Polly, to commend exceedingly the Bath mutton and cheese, which you will receive to-morrow; because, if you hesitate even, you may be embroiled with the good people of Bath, and it is a chance if they will suffer either one or the

other to come safe to your hands in future.

More truth circulates here than at London, for in the capital I read that the Alderman of Farringdon Ward Without is very ill, whereas he is known here to be very well. I will therefore no longer implicitly believe the London Evening Post.

Dr. Wilson I saw yesterday, and he inquired kindly after you. On Saturday he gives a dinner to Mr. Mullett, Mr. Diggs, and Mr. Wilkes, and I think from the variety of matter he is ready to produce, it cannot fail of being a day of high entertainment. Last night I was at ———, but Lord North more than Mrs. G—— did the honours of the *learned* and *pious* Doctor's conversation, whose card I hope you received.

Many thanks for your letter of Monday night.

To-day I dined with the Rev. Dr. ———, a sensible man with an affected wife, a natural daughter of the late Lord ———.

Instead of soles, I find Hancock sent you several whittings; but the profane wretch *swears* they were that day better than Bath soles. Were they good, dear Polly?

I go to bed every night before eleven. Are you so exemplary? How many *chapters* have you read in my absence? *That* is the only reading you want.

Adieu!

## LETTER LII.

Christmas Day, 1778.

AFTER wishing my dear daughter all the cheerful compliments of this merry season, I add my thanks for the care about the newspapers, and the paper from Mr. Dalby, and the good Major.

I do not despair of your reading in print the curious letter of Mrs. M—— to Dr. ——. I have hinted, that as she complains loudly of the Doctor as having treated her unkindly, he might let her tell her own story to the world, which would be his full justification. Not a syllable is mentioned about Miss M—— by the Doctor. There are no traces of either remaining at Alfred House, but in the memory of the Doctor.



I have not yet received any basket, but I suppose I shall this evening.

Saturday, Dec. 26.

I have just received the great pleasure of my dear Polly's letter of *Thursday* night, and the London Evening Post. By some accident the Public Advertiser and Gazetteer of *that day* have miscarried. I shall therefore be obliged to you to order them to be purchased, and sent me, as likewise the pamphlet, whose title is on the enclosed paper.

You are a prophetess:—yesterday we had a most cheerful day. We dined at near six, and parted at ten, yet the *tea* flowed in copious streams to my thirsty lips this morning. Lord Kelly only is arrived of that set. Mr. Fullarton comes on Tuesday. Mr. Warre is detained in town.

I beg you to make my best congratu-

tulations to my good mother, on the season; and to assure her of the happiness I feel in hearing of her health.

No news yet of the basket.

Colonel Whitmore is wheeled about Bath in his chair, but is in very good spirits. He declares that Kitty will certainly poison Mr. ——— in a month. He apologizes for not marrying her, that no mortal nose can bear her long. I answer, “ You will be sooner in heaven. Do men marry for their pleasure? This world is only a state of mortification to prepare for the next. We should be weaned from sublunary things. You have lost an opportunity of soon arriving perhaps in St. Paul’s *third heaven*. When the poor victim is sacrificed, when ——’s corpse is carried down to Edinburgh, will you take the fair widow by the hand, and lead her up the front aisle of a church to the altar?”—“ No,

Wilkes, *positively* no.”—“ Colonel, you are a *positive* man, so I find it is in vain to persuade you ; and what can be done, as I am a married man myself?”—“ Let her have ——.”—“ Oh ! fie, Colonel, fie !”

After this day’s dinner at —— ——, I shall probably send you some more curious anecdotes.

We have here exceedingly fine weather. Not a drop of rain has fallen where I have been since I left town.

I continue, thank Heaven, in perfect health.

The ruffles came safe.

I shall be obliged to you for the two manuscripts about Rousseau, which shall be carefully preserved.

My compliments to the good Berkeley Street widow, and to Miss.

Adieu, dear Polly.

## LETTER LIII.

Sunday, Dec. 27, 1778.

YESTERDAY I dined, my dear Polly, at Alfred House, with the Doctor, Mr. Hartley, member for Hull, Mr. Mullett, and two other gentlemen. The Doctor insisted on my being at his right hand, and told the company, *that* should always be my place, that I should be his right hand, as I was in his heart. He treated me with a kind distinction the whole day. Mr. Mullett tells me of a letter lately from Mr. S—— to the Doctor, in which he gives an account of his finding his sister and Dr. —— at breakfast, at Canterbury, in a matrimonial way; that he seized —— by the collar, turned him down stairs, and told him, that if he did not immediately re-

turn to London, he would shoot him through the head, and added to Mrs. ———, that she was so abandoned a woman, Miss ——— should not stay with her, and that he would take care of her; that however he had forgiven her at that time, but that at present he considered her as in the last degree infamous.

No news yet of the basket.

I received the four pair of ruffles, and thank you for that care.

I sent Mrs. Molineux's letter to Mrs. Martin.

The Public Advertiser and Gazetteer of Thursday arrived this morning, instead of yesterday.

It has frozen very hard the two last nights at Bath.

Adieu!



## LETTER LIV.

Monday, Dec. 28, 1778.

I SUSPECT, my dear Polly, that I made a mistake about the *basket*, and that you only meant the *basket* which I brought with me in the chaise, the *contents* of which came very safe, being packed most excellently. I have not received any basket since my arrival.

I wish you to send me the publications of Friday, the *Remembrancer*, &c. being the first of the month and the year, as I am desirous of knowing what farther Almon has to give respecting America, &c.

I inquired about the price of the little globe in a case, which I gave you. The man of whom I bought it says that I paid half a guinea for it, and that he has

no more, or I should have brought you one for your friend.

I am glad your fish was so various and so good. I hope Bath will derive as much credit from the mutton and cheese.

On Wednesday I shall send my dear daughter a note. I have now only to wish her a good night, and to mention that Sir Watkin and Lady Lewes are here in their way to the Principality.

Adieu!

## LETTER LV.

Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1778.

WE had a most superb ball at the upper rooms last night, my dear Polly, and the minuets are now danced three deep, so that they are finished in an hour and a half. Miss Wroughton bears the palm here.

The Doctor is very cheerful, and obliging to me in a high degree. I was there two hours yesterday, but company came in, so that I had no opportunity of hearing more particulars of the *modern Messalina*, as he calls Mrs. —.

I found by accident some incomparable verses of Madame Saurin, which I believe I forgot to give you at the time, and therefore now send you. I liked them well enough to copy them.

Mr. Drax is emerging from a four months severe fit of the gout. Miss Drax grows a wonderfully fine girl, and skips about like a little mountain roe.

The weather is now become rainy.

I enclose my dear Polly a Bank City Bath bill, payable at Messrs. Langton, Polhill, and Co. No. 29, Clement's Lane, which I got to-day instead of to-morrow, *Wednesday*, as I mentioned in my letter of yesterday.

Heaven bless my dear daughter.

Adieu!

## LETTER LVI.

Bath,

Thursday, Dec. 31, 1778.

JE suis furieusement scandalisé, ma très chere fille, de votre remarque sur la naissance d'une *Princesse* en France. Vous dites, " Il faut espérer que son auguste epoux sera plus *habile* la premiere fois." Comment donc, est-ce que je n'ai pas été bien *habile*, quand j'ai fait un chef-d'œuvre neuf mois avant votre naissance, une creation de ma part que je ne changerois pas pour toutes les autres choses créés? Et vous, petit ange, vous osez me reprocher que je ne suis pas assez *habile*! Eh! bien, je suis content, et contentement passe richesse. Voilà une bonne consolation pour un pauvre patriote.



Vous remarquez aussi, “Voilà qui est à recommencer.” Est-il possible que son auguste epoux peut faire encore risquer sa vie à sa chere moitié, et qu'elle devienne encore une fois la belle victime de ses heureux caprices?

Now I shall prove, dear Polly, in English, that our neighbouring monarch is *habile*. The English proverb says, and proverbs are the wisdom of nations, “Every boy can have a boy, but it must be a man to have a girl.” Well, I would not change my girl for any boy in Europe.

I received the account of Rousseau, which I have lent Mrs. Drax.

The symptoms you mention, as still remaining of a near relation, make me think there is still danger.

I should chide my dear girl for sending me all the French game. I should have been better pleased, if you had detained

a good part. I desire you would of the next parcel. I received twelve partridges, four hares, and two capons. I received likewise the parcel with the pamphlets: that respecting Lord Howe is truly interesting.

I sent Dr. Wilson some game, and we are to dine together to-morrow at Mr. Cruttwell's, a staunch patriot.

At the close of this year, I must thank my beloved daughter for all the tender marks of affectionate duty which she has shewn me through the whole of it, and wish her a long succession of fortunate years.

Adieu!

## LETTER LVII.

Bath,

Sunday, Jan. 3, 1779.

I RECEIVED this morning, my dear Polly, the parcel of the “Remembrancer, &c:” and thank you much for your care about it. I should have written to you yesterday, but was deeply engaged at ——— House. The Doctor paints in strong colours, Mrs. ———’s avowed plan of the Doctor’s keeping house for them, and the husband practising surgery at Bath; but he adds that he is sure it could not have lasted long, for she would have *poisoned* him, as Miss Blandy did her father, and forged a will in her own favour. He says, that he has now had time to find out, that her late History is very false and incor-

rect. I believe it is not possible for any consideration to induce the Doctor ever to see Mrs. ——— again. He declares that he has not a friend, who does not join in congratulating him on his deliverance.

I hope to send you to-morrow a basket of fine fish. I mean to leave Bath the 16th, to lie at Marlborough that night, Saturday; and the next day to be in Prince's Court, to eat a late Sunday dinner; so that I shall be ready for the Queen's birth-day the 18th, and the call of the House on the 19th. If any thing transpires about Keppel or Palliser, be so good to let me know. They engage the public attention here as much as in the capital.

I am glad you kept the Suffolk turkey, and hope it proved excellent. If a French pie arrives, I wish you to send it to Great Alie Street; if game, only a part to Bath.

Lady Lewes was gone from Bath before your last letter arrived. Mr. Fullarton came last night. I hope Mr. Hampden has the spirit of a Hampden.

Adieu!

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### LETTER LVIII.

Bath,

Monday, Jan. 4, 1779.

I HAVE just received the pleasure of my dear Polly's letter, and I own that she has removed a part of the immense load of scandal which was brought on by the remarks on the birth of the French princess. I was, I confess, not a little hurt at first, by such a free observation on a crowned head, on one of



the Lord's anointed, for all of whom I have a reverence approaching to adoration, as being the representatives of the Deity on earth, although not quite so beneficent; and then it was unneighbourly as well as ungodly, to a monarch just the other side the Pas de Calais, and a *Most Christian* prince. My mind is however now at ease.

I am sorry you lost so many hours of sleep by the storm of Thursday. Its fury was very great here, even in the lower town, and several people were killed by the fall of chimnies at Bristol.

I received this morning two more pair of ruffles.

I have not once been out of bed at eleven at night, and, excepting a trifling cold, continue perfectly well.

I am glad your attendance has so much pleased a female relation of ours. If she had any sense of your exalted merit,

or feeling of gratitude on her own account, she would do something great for you.

In the London Magazine, which you sent me, were *two* prints by mistake of the state car, built for the Nabob of Arcot. I enclosed one of them to the little Drax, and I send you the other, with a copy of the verses I wrote upon the print for her.

My duty to my mother, homage to the Dutchess, compliments to Mrs. and Miss Molineux, &c. &c.

Adieu, dearest Polly.

## LETTER LIX.

Bath,

Tuesday, Jan. 5, 1779.

*Suite de la petite Galanterie entre une Demoiselle de 12 Ans, et un Patriote de 53.*

The day after the print of the *car* was received, the patriot had the honour of the following letter.

Sir, how can I without reproach  
Parade it in a Nabob's coach?  
Sure such a sight was never seen,  
A little girl turn'd *Indian Queen*;  
Dress'd out in diamonds, pearls, and silks;  
So far—I thank you, Mister Wilkes:  
But then moreover—oh! good lack!  
My hands and face must be all black.  
No, thank you, Sir—I'll walk afoot,  
Rather than be a Queen of Soot.

The patriot returned the above lines to the papa, by the same servant, with a note, that he intrusted him with such a treasure only till the evening, and wrote at the end of the foregoing lines:

Your hands and face are lily white,  
 But those black eyes would suit him quite;  
 Nor has he diamonds he would prize,  
 Equal to those refulgent eyes.

## LETTER LX.

Bath,

Thursday, Jan. 7, 1779.

I WAS made very happy this morning, my dear Polly, by your letter of Tuesday; for as you did not write on Monday, and Sunday likewise had intervened, it was a long interval, which I regretted. That little uneasiness is passed, and I thank you for all the entertainment of your letter. You join more pleasing talents than the impartiality of nature ought to bestow on any one person.

—— House is in great disorder. Mrs. ——'s woman is arrived, and the Doctor, with the aid of a patriotic bookseller, is separating all his books from hers, and her clothes are looking out



by the Doctor's male servants. I postpone my visits till this scene is closed; but be it known *unto* you, that I am still first favourite. If it holds, *tant mieux pour une certaine demoiselle*.

I send you a country loaf of brown bread, as I think exquisite, made by a baker three miles from hence, but as the Scripture says, *it is not by bread alone*, you will find in the same basket a brace of woodcocks, and some fish from Hancock. Woodcocks are here very scarce and dear, half a guinea a couple. These were given me by Colonel Whitmore, and I think them remarkably fine.

Berton has behaved so well here, and been so perfectly sober, that I gave him two louis for etrennes, and have now quite pardoned all sins and transgressions of wine, &c. in former times.

I have already put by Abbé Coyer's "Voyages d'Italie et de Hollande," to

bring my dear daughter according to her desire.

Many congratulations to the widow on the return of her birthday.

I beg you to remember my very affectionate duty to my good mother.

I have not heard a syllable from, or of, Mr. Bull.

The memorial from the twelve admirals to the King seems to be ill-drawn and ill-judged: a petition without a prayer, a libel on Palliser, whom I hate; but a libel, if ever a libel was written by this pen, and false in two instances.

I wish your *Abbot Coyer* was more than *Monsieur l'Abbé*, and possessed more than one rich *abbaïe*.

If you have time, I wish you to transcribe the Baron's account of the Pretender, to shew a gentleman here, without naming the author.

My resolution continues of paying my personal compliments to you on Sunday evening the 17th.

Good night, dearest Polly.

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## LETTER LXI.

Saturday, Jan. 9, 1779.

A—— HOUSE has been in as great a tumult, my dear Polly, as Prince's Court, and the neighbouring Park, when a certain amiable young lady sneezes. However, as no violent storms last long, all is now again tranquil; and yesterday, notwithstanding the severity of the frost, the Doctor took an airing of three hours. Mrs. ——'s woman brought no letter to the Doctor, but a written order for

her mistress's clothes and books, which the Doctor delivered. She has already left Bath with the clothes, without having been admitted to an audience, and the books are packed in four large boxes to be sent by the next waggon. Ten thousand particulars are now told of the female historian's insolence, capriciousness, and even abandonness. She is now at Leicester, boarding with a brother-in-law of Mr. ———, a Dr. ———, a very *petit menage*.

I am glad you liked the verses to Miss Drax. Thursday was Sir John Miller's masquerade at his Bath Easton *villakin*, and it is said, the following lines were found on his gate:

Wedded to Vanity here Folly reigns,  
 And Sense, and Taste, and Virtue, holds in chains;  
 O'er Crescent, Circus, both Parades, she rules,  
 And here has fix'd the *Paradise of Fools*.

Sir John, high-priest at Folly's favourite shrine,  
 And here his *Fatima* high priestess, shine.

Lady Miller was to appear as the Sultana Queen, *Fatima*, and she cannot bear to be thought *fat*!

I am very glad you kept four partridges, and I wish you had likewise a hare and capon. A French pie is the most acceptable present I can make to Mr. Hayley. He perseveres till the last atom of it is consumed.

The game is just arrived in perfect condition, and I have sent a part of it to the Breretons, as I am to dine to-day with the gentle Juliet.

Adieu, my dearest daughter.



## LETTER LXII.

Sunday, Jan. 10, 1779.

I BEG the favour of you, my dear Polly, to order Francis to put the six letters in the post, by which I shall be sure of not being disappointed next Saturday and Sunday. The Queen's birthday being to be kept on the Monday makes this precaution necessary.

The memorial of the twelve admirals seems to me perfectly absurd, although I hear it much commended. Lord Kelly and Mr. Drax only are of my opinion. I whispered Lord Kelly, who is not a strict believer, that I thought the twelve admirals as great fools as the twelve ———, and as bad writers.

Be so good to order me giblet-soup and pork griskins for my Sunday's din-

ner, at five, but I make a point that my dear Polly does not wait dinner for me, as every thing is so uncertain with travellers, and I hear the roads are very heavy. I mean to lie at Marlborough on Saturday, and to leave it on Sunday at daybreak, and yet possibly I may not be able to reach Prince's Court before seven or eight at night. I wish for a good fire in my bedchamber *only*, but please to give orders to have the chimney swept in my cabinet, which I believe has not been done for a twelvemonth.

Governor Johnstone's favourite is here for her health.

*Bon soir, ma chere fille.*

## LETTER LXIII.

Monday, Jan. 11, 1779.

I HAVE the pleasure, my dear Polly, of your letter of the 9th, and the paper enclosed. It shall neither be copied nor the name mentioned.

We are all wild here about Keppel and Palliser, and impatience is ever on the wing.

I am glad the basket of provisions arrived safe, and I shall do on Sunday what men say of their wives, bring their food in their mouths. I hope the brown loaf exceeded the goodness of Clapham.

I hoped to have seen the *Moravian* here, but I have heard nothing relative to him.

I should be glad to see the letters from Sir John Dalrymple to Lord ——— on my return. I think the pension of 2000*l.* a year to that tool of a Lord is an act of high infamy from the crown in our exhausted state. B. has always been in lucrative offices, and always behaved ill.

I rejoice that my mother is better, and desire my duty to her.

Good morrow, dear Euphrosyne.

## LETTER LXIV.

Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1779.

I FORGOT to mention in my letter of yesterday, dear Polly, that I should not leave Bath on Saturday till after the arrival of the post. I wish therefore you would let me know how my amiable daughter does on Thursday night, and send me the letters and news of that day.

The Alderman of Farringdon Without is not yet laughed out of his passion for catering, and therefore has sent you some delicate country pork, fed with milk and pease only, and a leg of Welsh mutton. He hopes to enjoy both with his beloved daughter the next week. He has sent in the same basket a *sally lun-kin* for her breakfast, and a brown loaf



from the country, both of which are much esteemed.

Last night there was a splendid ball at the upper rooms, but no great blaze of beauty.

In the London Gazette, towards the end, you generally find a few *whereas's*. In imitation of my betters I make the following :

*Whereas* Mary Wilkes, spinster, has been very obligingly attentive in sending me, to Bath, for the last three weeks, all my letters, papers, &c.; in order to reward such attention, I do hereby give to the said Mary my mustard-urn of silver and glass, and spoon of silver, to become her proper goods and chattels, without power of revocation on my part.—Done in the city of Bath, in the county of Somerset, this twelfth day of January 1779.

JOHN WILKES.

## LETTER LXV.

Wednesday, Jan. 13, 1779.

PERHAPS, my dear Polly, the letter from my Lord Essex and my answer may amuse you for a few minutes. In that case I shall be pleased that I have enclosed them to you. I wish you to seal that to Lord Essex, and to order Francis to put it in the general post. The letter of my Lord you will keep till my return to town.

I have been with Dr. ——— to-day, and found him quite affectionate. He desires very particular compliments to you and my mother. He does not cease to talk in the highest terms of contempt of Mrs. ———.

The *sneezing* is indeed alarming, and if it should happen next Sunday evening,

who can answer that the post-horses might not be frightened enough to run back with me to Bath? What a scrape should I then be in with my freeholders of Middlesex? I must plead the Doctor's idea of a *secession*, which I do not approve.

I have not forgotten the pencil you wished, but have not yet succeeded.

If your dressing-table is now so near Dover, I hope it will soon be *at* Dover.

I walked this morning to Mr. Cruger's, three miles from hence, and back. He is very ill of a fever.

Brown bread is a bad supper, dear Polly: suppose you added to it a woodcock.

Adieu!

## LETTER LXVI.

Prince's Court,

Tuesday, Sept. 7, 1779.

THE pleasure of your company only, my dearest Polly, could have added to the agreeableness of the little excursion to Carshalton. I paid my compliments first at Mr. Burke's, who was gone to make war on the harmless birds of the air, but was to return to dinner, and the favourite pressed me exceedingly to dine with them. I thought the two hours previous to it would pass awkwardly in a house occupied by a dozen workmen, and therefore walked to Mr. Walpole's, who insisted on my passing the day with his family, Lady Middleton, Mr. and Miss Broderick, Miss Townsend, and a fine old gentle-

man of seventy-eight, the father of my friend Tommy Townshend. We all joined in a chorus of *Jeremiades* over the disgraceful situation of our country, but endeavoured to alleviate our misfortunes by cheerful society. I returned here at night, and took Mr. Burke, and the favourite, in the coach to Tokenhouse Yard. Mr. Walpole was exceedingly desirous of my passing the two following days under his roof.

I find the general opinion is that Sir Charles Hardy has orders not to venture an engagement.

Your prophecy was fulfilled this morning, by Mary's petitioning for leave to go into the country. I said, that I had always pain in a refusal, but as I was sure the complying with her request would be followed by a similar from the cook and Francis, it became necessary in the first instance not to consent.



This has spread a temporary gloom over all this little family, except Berton, who has recovered from the loss of the sprites, which came to his aid through a certain *key-hole*.

I sent Mrs. Molineux, last night, a letter, which came to Berkeley Street, by the penny post, and the London Packet.

Your cupboard was painted once over last night, and will be finished on Thursday.

The weather is become cloudy and cool. On Thursday I am invited by the great merchant, Mr. Beeston Long, and the Jamaica club, to eat turtle at the London Tavern. I hope the venison proved fine.

I beg to be affectionately remembered to Mrs. Warkman, with my warm thanks for her civilities to my dear daughter.

I am quite uncertain about the little

projected tour to Windsor ; but wherever I am, I shall ever remain, my beloved Polly,

Your very affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

I am sorry to add a postscript that Byron is beaten, soundly beaten, Barington shot through the back, the *Lion* taken, and another ship sunk, and the Granades surrendered to the French\*. This is the Admiralty account. It comes at a very unlucky moment, but I hope the action between the European fleets will be over before the news reaches Sir Charles Hardy's sailors.

Prince's Court, Nine.

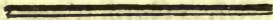
I regret being obliged, in an infinite confusion, to add another postscript. A

\* This was the first report, but the news did not afterwards prove so bad.—[This note is in the *Hand-writing of Miss Wilkes.*]

fire has happened at Colonel Gordon's, which at seven this evening brought half Westminster into Prince's Court. The Colonel's (Gordon's) man is much burnt. His maid is half distracted. I have not been absent the whole time. The fire is now extinguished, but was alarming. Berton very alert, and the cook—Colonel Gordon's two servants, and several things, are here. The man much burnt, but appearing more affected for his master than for himself. Mary and Francis still absent—Plenty of water, so no apprehensions for the night—Colonel Gordon's man and maid here—their master and several officers of the guards just gone from Prince's Court in full security—Colonel Gordon's cook better—It is said that the fire was occasioned by the fermentation of made wines in the cellar—I have kept guard at the door of the house, and the mob have respected

the sentinel, who has scarcely suffered any thing but a leathern bucket to enter.

Adieu, dear Polly, till I have a steadier hand to-morrow. Adieu!



## LETTER LXVII.

Prince's Court,

Wednesday, Sept. 8, 1779.

I WROTE to you last night, dear Polly, in all the hurry and confusion of the fire at Colonel Gordon's. A *King's Court* on a birthday was scarcely ever more attended than our humble *Prince's Court* yesterday. For the first time I was pleased that you were absent. Guards, mob, firemen, engines, buckets, pails, filled the court.

To-day a perfect calm prevails. The fire was occasioned by a fermentation of made wines. The Colonel's man continues very ill. Only the back kitchen is burnt, and the poor fellow most terribly. This house was the asylum to him, the maid, &c. Mrs. Gordon was luckily in the country. Mrs. Smith much alarmed, but very well to-day.

The West-Indian merchants are in great fear for the Leeward Islands.

Colonel Gordon has just been here to return thanks for the services of yesterday.

Mr. Molesworth has sent me this morning the *London Magazines*, and *Historical Register*; the first of which cost 6l. 2s. 6d. and the other 1l. 16s. I beg my dear daughter's acceptance of both.

Mr. Dayrell came here by water from the Temple. The waterman told him,



that he had a letter from his brother, in which he mentioned being on board of B——'s ship, that he kept all the while to the leeward during the engagement of the fleets, and concluded, *B—— is a coward, so help me God.*

I enclose you a letter of Abbé O'Leary, which may amuse you two or three minutes; but, alas! he wants the finesse and elegance of Abbé Coyer\*.

I have the pleasure of your letter from Epsom, and hope the weather, and all other circumstances, will be to my dear girl's wish, whom I bid adieu till to-morrow.

Success to the British fleet! Huzza! I give you joy of the safe arrival of eight rich Indiamen.

\* The Abbé Coyer died at Paris 1782. His tale of Chinki, attributed at first to Voltaire, and his Journey through Italy and Holland, &c. obtained considerable popularity.—EDIT.

## LETTER LXVIII.

Prince's Court,  
Friday, Sept. 10, 1779.

I HAD not time, my dear daughter, yesterday to answer your pleasing letter of Wednesday on account of a long visit from Mr. Cutler, and the engagement at the London tavern. The Jamaica gentlemen were much dispirited, and talked in desponding terms of the great force of the French at St. Domingo. I understand that the pursers of our men of war now insure their property, which was never known in any former war. Sir John Lockhart, when the English fleet retired from the combined fleets of France and Spain, ordered a large tarpaulin to be thrown round the figure, in wood, of the King at the

stern, and said, he put the Royal George in mourning, and directed the cabin windows to be shut, that he might not see the disgraceful retreat of our fleet.—Mr. Butler is returned from a tour to Portsmouth with Lord Sandwich—the court tale is, that the fleet had but four days water, and therefore returned from necessity—Lord S. ill received at Portsmouth, but since perfectly well at Kew.

Mr. Cruttwell, of Bath, has been here this morning, and is going to publish, by Dr. W——'s direction, several letters of Mrs. M—— to the Doctor, and to Dr. G——. Some passages, which he repeated of the latter, are too gross for the public eye, in my opinion. Mr. W-nl-y S—— and Mrs. A—— are shewn in the most odious colours, and the female historian a most abandoned prostitute, and a swindler, from her own letters. The history of them

is long, but will amuse you ; and a maid, Betty, saved them from the flames, to which they had been assigned. The celebrated letter to the Doctor just before her marriage likewise appears.

Colonel Gordon's man continues very ill.

My mother and Mrs. Smith I have paid visits to, and both the good ladies desire to be affectionately remembered to you.

The anecdote of Dr. B—— is very curious, and strongly marks the rage of modern clergymen for episcopacy.

The painting in your cabinet is finished, and the drawing-room will be completed, including the glasses, on Monday.

I sent you yesterday a letter from Mrs. Molineux, and another from Bengal, which I received from Mr. Grindall. To-day I have forwarded one to

you from the noble captain of the Norfolk militia.

My little tour to Windsor is at last settled. Mr. Dayrell and I mount his horses to-morrow at nine, and mean to dine at Lord Inchiquin's, then visit Windsor in the evening, and return to lie at Salt Hill. On Sunday we intend to dine and lie at Shepperton, and on Monday morning return to the capital.

Mr. Grindall has called here from the Admiralty. He says that there is no misunderstanding between Barrington and Byron, that the first speaks highly of the last, that it was impossible for him to come up with his division, and that we are not *much* beaten. The reports of this day are much more favourable than those of Wednesday and Thursday.

Good night, my dearest girl, and continue to love your affectionate and obliged father,

JOHN WILKES.



## LETTER LXIX.

Prince's Court,

Tuesday, Sept. 14, 1779.

I RETURNED here from Shepperton, my dearest Polly, this morning about eleven, when I had the pleasure of your letter of last Friday. As I left town on Saturday morning, I had no opportunity of sending you the Gazette.

I have had a very agreeable jaunt. On Saturday I dined at Salt Hill, walked in the evening on the terrace, and lay at Mrs. Partridge's. I returned on Sunday morning to Windsor, saw the royal family at prayers by eight in the morning, in St. George's chapel, breakfasted with the Ryves's, rode afterwards to Shepperton, dined with Mr. Scott, Churchill, &c. and lay at Mr. Dayrell's

lodgings. Yesterday the party compelled me to attend them to forest venison and Mr. Webb's, but I returned to Shepperton to Mr. Dayrell's, and accompanied him on horseback to town this day. I fear to tire you with royal and plebeian anecdotes on your return. As to myself, I cough less in a morning, and am better, though not ill before. Saturday's heat, and a rough horse, put me in sweet Agnes's condition :

Sur un cheval elle s'en va juchée,  
Jambe meurtrie, et la f— écorchée.

Three in the Afternoon.

The post has just brought me your charming French letter of yesterday—I shall take particular care of all your letters—I had ordered fish for your to-morrow's dinner from Shepperton, by the morning coach. I hope the basket will arrive here time enough to be sent to

Clapham, for the jacks and eels of Sheperton are remarkably delicate.—Poor Lord Temple! I hope he has not forgot his cousin D——ll.—As the post has brought you no letters this day, I shall not send any to Clapham, unless you desire it, but reserve them for your return on Friday, which will be a most pleasing day to your tender and affectionate father,

JOHN WILKES.

I found every thing in order here, and the drawing-room is finished by Clarke.

## LETTER LXX.

Monday, Two,  
Nov. 22, 1779.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

EVERY thing succeeds to my utmost wishes. An infinite number of people at the common-hall, and almost unanimous in my favour. Certainly above 100 to 1 by the general confession of the enemies. James however has demanded a poll, for which he is condemned by many of his own friends.

Let me beg my dear girl to nurse her cold carefully, and to let me see her much better in the evening.

Adieu!

## LETTER LXXI.

Guildhall, Two o'Clock,  
November 24, 1779.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I GIVE you joy that Mr. James is retired *sans tambour ou trompette*, and his written resignation is arrived. I would not delay one moment giving you such good news. Poll this day, Wilkes 380—James 86.

Adieu, my very dear girl.

\* Ten thousand congratulations attend my dear son, and dear child.

*The numbers were:*

	WILKES.		JAMES.
First Day	484	—	46
Second Day	1402	—	232
Third Day	446	—	92

\* In the hand-writing of Mr. Wilkes's mother.  
EDIT.



## LETTER LXXII.

**T**HE Chamberlain of London is arrived at Salt Hill, in perfect health, at nine at night, this 23d day of December 1779, setting his face towards Bath, but regretting that the amiable queen in Prince's Court is not with him, to partake and increase all his pleasures ; and so he heartily bids her good night.

## LETTER LXXIII.

Castle at Marlborough,  
Friday, December 24, 1779.

*The Country Post.*

THIS morning the news arrived at the parlour in Mrs. Partridge's house at Salt Hill, of a considerable increase, and loss, in her family. Through carelessness, or cruelty, a fine Chinese sow, who had farrowed nine pretty little pigs in the open air, lost all her offspring, like old Priam, in one hour, by the severity of the season. Thus justice punished the carelessness, or cruelty, of Mrs. Partridge to the mother, by taking out of this world nine little beauties, whom she meant to have sold to the best bidder, like other modern mothers.

The Chamberlain of London left the Castle, where such deadly scenes passed, at eight in the morning, and went to view Windsor Castle. He found the great gate, over which are the arms of England, ready to tumble, and the towers on the right and left, one called Lord Beauchamp's tower, and the other the Devil's, in the same alarming situation. The workmen were putting up a great many props. He asked them, if they had insured their lives, and advised them to demand triple wages, for so dangerous a service ; with which they were very well pleased.

He then crossed the country to Oakingham, and for near two miles the waters came into the chaise. The whole country between Maidenhead and Windsor is one great sheet of water. The Thames at Staines bridge has thirty feet of water. The ordinary depth is only

twelve feet. He visited the amiable, and lovely Mrs. St——, at the Holt, who introduced him to her puppy of a husband, a Wilkite however. She behaved with grace, elegance, and ease: he with awkwardness and absurdity. They have been reconciled about three months. Her character is unexceptionable, and she has great sense and wit. She does not come to Bath till the 5th of January, which I much regret; but no consideration can keep me here beyond the morning of the 9th, as the Chamberlain's office opens on the 11th. From Oakingham to Reading, is a turnpike road of seven miles. The rest is as well known as the downright Dunstable road, according to the old phrase. He arrived at Marlborough between nine and ten, ate like an alderman, drank two glasses of wine, and was in the drowsy arms of Morpheus, till six on Christmas morning.

Mrs. St—— read without hesitation Lord Kelly's letter. I was surprised at her decyphering it so quick, and said nobody but you could at once have read it off hand. She laughing asked me, what salary I would give her, to be secretary to the Chamberlain. I said, "You may name your own terms. I have only one condition to insist on, your constant residence."



## LETTER LXXIV.

South Parade, Bath,  
Saturday, Dec. 25, 1779.

*The Journal continued.*

MR. Wilkes rose at six, and went through the operations of being shaved and dressed, then comforted himself with a breakfast; and proceeded to Bath, where he arrived before two. Much snow between Reading and Bath. Delighted with the apartments on the South Parade. The drawing-room very spacious, and, being the end house, light. Three windows in front, two on the side. Visited Dr. Wilson, who is indeed greatly out of order, and Mr. Cruttwell says in a dangerous way. He was highly pleased with my coming. Cruttwell says that S——— is expected.

to propose terms to stop the intended publication of certain letters. My cough much better, and little fatigue from the journey. The sharp, cold air has produced a most voracious appetite in me, which I hope soon to allay, but not till I have assured my dear daughter, that I wish her all the compliments of this merry season, and that I am her very affectionate father.

Adieu!

## LETTER LXXV.

South Parade, Bath,  
Sunday, Dec. 26, 1779.

SHALL I, my dearest Polly, give you an account of yesterday's Christmas dinner? It is so like an alderman to talk the day after of what he had yesterday: yet perhaps, being a female, you may be curious, and therefore I give it: The paschal lamb, with the fry—a *virgin* pullet, stuffed with *pigeon's* eggs—St. Peter's cock, à-la-cocky decky—a large cod's head from the miraculous draught—fricassee of *innocents*—cloven tongues avec de la sauce au St. Esprit—Baptist's head in a charger—calves' heads à-la-Golgotha—des saucisses males à-la-Madelaine. The dessert consisted of *bon-chretien* pears—and the wine was *la-*

*chryma Christi* (the famous wine near Naples, called the *tears of Christ*. An Irishman said on tasting it, he wished that Christ had wept in Ireland.) Was not this a very suitable dinner for the anniversary which was celebrated?

The sweet July Brereton I saw and saluted yesterday. I hope so beauteous a flower will not wither on the stalk from whence it grew, and die uncropped.

I mean this afternoon to revisit the good old Doctor at Alfred House, and shall not fail, as he kindly desires, to pay him almost daily visits, while I continue at Bath. By all accounts from the faculty he cannot long survive. He is regularly attended by physician, apothecary, and surgeon. The physician is Dr. Harrington, the surgeon Cruttwell, the apothecary's name I do not know. His spirits are very low, and his cough almost incessant.

The frost continues very severe, but the weather is clear and healthy. Bath has been very sickly for some time. One family lost seven children out of nine by sore throats. It is now certainly, since the frost, in a better state.

Be so good to present my duty to my good mother, and very affectionate compliments to Mrs. Molineux. I hope your Welsh mutton proved delicate, and that you relished it. My cough is much better; and, in other respects, I am, thank Heaven, in perfect health.

Good-morrow, dearest Polly, and be particularly attentive to the health of my beloved daughter.

Adieu!

I beg you to send the letter to Mrs. Stafford, to the post.



## LETTER LXXVI.

South Parade, Bath,  
Tuesday, Dec. 28, 1779.

I DID not receive your letter, my dearest Polly, till yesterday, and I find by your not mentioning it, that there must have been an equal delay in mine from Marlborough. I am charmed with the cheerfulness and warmth of these apartments. I only want the fair inhabitant of Prince's Court to enjoy them with me; then I should be more than content, I should be quite happy.

I enclose you an order for a haunch of venison, for the dear widow's birthday; but as it is on a Tuesday, I will not promise for fish, although I will try my best. I sent my sweet Polly yesterday a fine *piper*, &c. and as she is so good, I will, not grudgingly, pay the *piper* for her.

I received the basket containing a hare and a leash of pheasants, for which I write this post to thank Mr. Sharp, and likewise to Mr. Langford. I am very glad you kept the turkey, and you were very welcome to any of the game, although I own I love to send game to some friends, where I dine, as I can make them no other return. I shall not forget the *petit couvert* of No. 7.

Mr. B——— some time ago wrote an abusive letter to Dr. ——, the original of which I have seen. He charges the Doctor with being the cause of all the misconduct of Mrs. ——.

Dr. —— did not deign to reply. It will appear with the other letters, and one of Wanley S—— respecting Mrs. M——x, and the long letter to the Doctor on the eve of her marriage. A part is already printed. The Doctor is declining very rapidly. He is most affectionate to me.

I hope on Thursday to send my dear daughter some thin paper.

I wish you to send me a parcel on Friday, with all letters, the *Annual Register* for 1778, from Dodsley's in Pall Mall—*Hayes's Catalogue*, from No. 332, in Oxford Street—and *An Epistle from Brown Dignum to Buckhorse*, from Milledge's, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.

The frost is gone, and it thaws gently at present.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

## LETTER LXXVII.

South Parade, Bath,  
Wednesday, Dec. 29, 1779.

I RECEIVED this morning, my dearest Polly, the favour of your letter of Monday, by which I find that you have not yet the letter from Marlborough. I hope the post-master will consent to your having it before the next year at least.

There is no new occurrence in the Bath world. Friday is the grand ball for the lower rooms, and all the pretty misses are busy in preparing the caps, which are to be set at us that night. Luckily old father Time has put me out of their power. Mullett comes here to-morrow for forty-eight hours.

I am much obliged to the Comptroller for his kind offer, and I desire to return him many thanks; but I am not indiscreet enough to accept it at this time, and indeed I mean through life to regulate all my pleasures by the line of my duty. Heaven has favoured me with health; and I neither wish, nor will create an excuse, to have the obligation to a deputy. The offer was however handsome, and deserves acknowledgments\*. Tuesday noon, the 11th, will certainly find me at Guildhall, at the opening of the Chamberlain's office, but I am so charmed with my apartments, and so well, that I do not mean to leave Bath till Monday morning the 10th, at six o'clock, to lie that night at Salt Hill, and to be in Prince's Court the next day,

\* Mr. Wilkes did not depart from this resolution. His attendance was, I am told, most *punctual* and *unremitted*.—EDIT.



between ten and eleven. I shall go from thence to Guildhall, and return to dine with my dear daughter at four, without the least inconvenience to a regular family.

I sent you yesterday three of your elegant Italian books, which I think I remember you wished to have in town. I shall bring the *Secchia Rapita* with me.

Not “you *was*,” if you please; but “you *were*.” The phrase is not, “you *is*,” but “you *are*”—a charming girl.

I hope you received the order for the venison.

My affectionate duty to my good mother, and compliments to Mrs. Molineux, Miss, &c. &c.

Adieu, dear Polly.

## LETTER LXXVIII.

South Parade, Bath,

Thursday, Dec. 30, 1779.

THE post is just arrived, dear Polly, and has not given me the pleasure of any letter from you, so that I suspect the fate of some of mine.

I am in hourly expectation of Mr. Mullett's arrival, and I hope that I shall be able to keep him the rest of the week.

I wish you to let my mother know, that I hold myself greatly indebted to her goodness for her attention and civilities to you during my little excursion, and to present to her my duty.

I enclose you a bit of thin paper, with the picture of Britannia, who looks no where so cheerful as in that little corner.

The weather is now very mild, and there is not the least wind, so that I avail myself of those two agreeable circumstances, to walk two or three hours before dinner.

Lord Kelly desires me to present his best compliments to you.

I wish to know if the *jalousies* in my cabinet are finished, and how you like their effect.

Good morrow, dear daughter.

## LETTER LXXIX.

South Parade, Bath,  
Saturday, Jan. 1, 1780.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I HAVE but a moment, but I would not miss this first opportunity of wishing my beloved daughter the return of many happy years; and I beg her to express the same sentiments to my good mother.

I have all the papers, and a pair of fine ruffles, but no letter from my dear girl. I therefore hope for this afternoon's bringing me a letter with the Annual Register, &c.

Mr. Hancock has promised me a fine dish of fish for Monday morning's coach, which I suppose will be in town on Tuesday; I hope time enough for the dinner in Berkeley Street.

I received yesterday your letter of Wednesday, and was much pleased with it, and all the French quotations.

Adieu!

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LETTER LXXX.

South Parade, Bath,  
Sunday, Jan. 2, 1780.

I RECEIVED, my dear Polly, the pleasure of your letter of Friday, but I find that it will be Tuesday before I can have the "Annual Register," for which I am not a little impatient. You had better order a servant to bring you the letters at present, when you are from home in the afternoon and evening, for a delay of four hours in this case makes one of four days, no small object in holydays of only fourteen.



I return you Vanden Closter's letter; I mean his wife's, who seems a notable Dutch or Flanders spouse. You do not mention if you received the letter to Mrs. Stafford, to be forwarded by the general post.

I think you should answer Madame Vanden Closter's letter, and, as she is a female of much business, mention your desire of the husband's drawing on me at any time for what expenses he may be at on our account, *at ten days sight*.

The fish will not be sent till to-morrow noon, which will be in time for the celebration of Tuesday.

I wish you to order Francis to direct Petrie's letter on another cover à *Messieurs Hennessy et Co. à Ostende*, and to send it by Tuesday night's post.

Adieu, my dearest Polly.

## LETTER LXXXI.

South Parade, Bath,  
Wednesday, Jan. 5, 1786.

I STEAL a few moments, my dearest Polly, to acknowledge the favour of your letter of Monday evening, which I received this morning. I hope yesterday passed with all satisfaction to our good friend in Berkeley Street, and I was highly pleased with the duty of the Norfolk captain, in coming to town. Hancock tells me that he sent a dish of fish, but not so good as he wished.

There is here a pretty and lively young lady of the name of W——, who lives on the Queen's Parade, with a father and mother in great circumstances. She has two sisters handsome and well married. She laughs at both father and

mother, and is ill-used by both. In return, she says her father is just tolerable, her mother not so. I have met her at Drax's, and she avows an admiration of a man I should know. At the great ball on Monday, she whispered me, "I hate this crowd; I can't bear to be so squeezed by people one does not know." I asked her to lend me her pencil, and said I would put her idea into verse, which she was gay enough to own I had done\*.

Adieu!

\* For the lines, vide vol. i.

## LETTER LXXXII.

South Parade, Bath,  
Thursday, Jan. 6, 1780.

I DINED yesterday at Mr. Drax's, my dear Polly, with so large a set, and was detained so long, that I had but a moment late last night to write to you. Judge and Mrs. Willes, Mr. James Grenville, jun. one of the best speakers in the House of Commons, Mr. O'Brien and Lady Susan, Mr. Hunt, whom you may remember, &c. &c. were of the party. Mrs. Drax is much better, and the little angel recovered of an accident too terrible and tedious to give you on paper.

The news from Admiral Fielding is indeed curious, but I think, as the Indian said, "The Holland-man be no brave

man," and I suppose we shall bully him, if the Stadtholder's uncle, the King of Prussia, the greatest of all bullies, does not stand by him.

I have sent Mrs. Kent an exquisite leg of Bath mutton, and by the post a letter of compliment and gratitude. My dear daughter will receive some fine pork, and brown Georges, &c. if the man comes in time.

As the post does not go from hence to-morrow; and I shall arrive so few hours after Monday's post, I shall not write again, but hope to pay my personal compliments to you on Tuesday morning by ten. I desire a good fire *only* in my bedchamber, as I must, so soon after I come to Prince's Court, go to Guildhall, but shall certainly return to dinner in Prince's Court.

In the verses I sent yesterday, for *wretches* read *creatures*.



Berton has behaved incomparably well. I repeated my resolution on his arrival here. I hope he is quite reformed. I gave him two guineas for etrennes on new-year's day.

Good old Pierce always desires his duty.

The Bishop of Worcester, and Mr Wilkes, are very well, I hear, together, to the admiration of all blockheads.

Be so good to order giblet-soup for ten on Tuesday morning.

I enclose you a print of coarse Dutch humour, taken on board one of their ships.

*Adieu, ma très chere fille, jusqu'au plaisir de vous revoir.*

Be so good to send me by Saturday night's post all the papers of that day, directed to me at the Castle, at Salt Hill, and I shall find them at my arrival there on Monday night.

## LETTER LXXXIII.

South Parade, Bath,  
Monday, Jan. 31, 1780.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I WAS made very happy this morning, by your letter of Saturday, and the parcel, which I received at breakfast-time. I hope that the fish will arrive in good time for the dear widow's dinner. I shall not fail to-morrow crowning the glass to her health, and the long continuance of it.

I enclose you some excellent French verses, which I wish you to transcribe and return me by the next post. I do not make out what is the meaning of a *pigeon de parflage*, nor can even Lord Kelly. I wish you could explain it to us.

Mrs. Gordon I hear is well. I have not seen her, for she was from home when I called.

Mr. John Lee and his wife are here, and both inquire very kindly after you. Mr. Reynolds has sent me a letter and a retainer for him in the scrutiny against Deputy Jones. I am sorry for the violence against Jones, for he had made his peace with us, and almost sworn allegiance, but it was impossible to stop the fury of the B-nn-rs, and of St. George, &c. &c.

I give the amiable widow joy on her return from *Limehouse*.

I have endeavoured to get the letter about Mrs. M. suppressed, but the Doctor is as violent as either of the B-nn-rs, and I have no chance of succeeding. I read him on Sunday night chosen parts of the *Memoirs of my Life*, with which he appeared to be much charmed.

I am glad that you approve the *jalousies* and the counterpane. I wish you to send to Norton, to order the couch-cover to be finished immediately in the same style, and the other may be laid by to be used, when the new one is washing.

I have a very long letter from Mr. C-t-l-r, extremely affectionate to us both, but exceedingly wild, more wild than witty. I begin to have apprehensions about that worthy friend.

Mrs. Hamilton and Miss are here, and have invited me to dinner on Saturday. They both desire to have their compliments transmitted to you.

Brereton had 750 at his ball on Friday, and Dawson expects 1300 this evening.

Adieu, dear Polly.

## LETTER LXXXIV.

Castle at Speen Hill,  
Thursday Night, Ten o'Clock,  
May 11, 1780.

I AM just arrived here, my dearest Polly, after an agreeable tour, for the sun cheered all nature the whole way from Kensington, and the first gloss was on every beautiful offspring of this sweetest daughter of the spring, the beauteous May; lovely mother, and charming daughter. The ventilating in the fresh air has recovered me from the fatigues of a midnight Ranelagh, and has given me a city appetite, to quell which I have had nothing yet since I left the capital, but two dishes of coffee, and three insignificant wafer slices of bread and butter.



I hope to dine to-morrow at Bath, and shall go directly to York House, and from thence to pay my devoirs to the fair widow, as I can give her so good an account of little charming Betsey, and a still more interesting account, *si delabr e*, of the old gouty member.

My dinner, cold veal and ham (I am no Jew), is just arrived. I must therefore attend this first call of nature, the preservation of an individual, however insignificant. Therefore, good night, good Polly, and believe me ever most affectionately

Yours.

I beg you to remember me dutifully and tenderly to my mother..

## LETTER LXXXV.

York House, Bath,  
Saturday, May 13, 1780.

I HAVE had the pleasure, dear Polly, of seeing Mrs. Molineux just now in perfect health, and of directing two covers to you and Mrs. Case. I arrived here yesterday after a cheerful tour, made gay by two or three accidental rencontres. I came in the moment of the good widow's sitting down to table with Miss Molineux, and by their obliging invitation I assisted at an agreeable repast, of which it may be said that the Alderman did the honours beyond the united efforts of the two ladies; but consider he was a traveller, and the Lent of the day before was to be made up for comfortably.

The heavens have been weeping ever since my arrival, and it seems a warm winter with the leaves on the trees.

I was last night at the ball of the lower rooms, which was very ill attended. Mr. Tyson officiated. I have not yet seen the deposed monarch. *That* be to-morrow's duty.

Last night I supped at Mrs. Stafford's, where I dine to-morrow. The Count and Countess of N-ss-lr-de are here since Tuesday, but depart to-morrow early. I am at the lodgings to pay my compliments to you, but the Countess insists on my carrying her, or rather she me, to the Dean of Ossory's this evening, to a concert, in the Crescent. Would it were well over, as Falstaff says of a day of battle! I dined with them to-day at the Bear, where they lodge.

Dr. Wilson is as hearty as for the three last years. On Monday I am to

be at Alfred House with Mr. Mullett to pass the day.

I wrote to my dear daughter from Newbury, or Speen Hill, on Thursday night.

“ Why, you are as *old* again as I am, Mr. W.” said Lydia. “ Had you been a French girl, Lydia, you would have said, I am as *young* again as you, Mr. W.”

In your making up of posies  
Lilies are bundled with the roses :  
You I see the blooming rose,  
Then the lily me suppose.

Is not this precious foolery ?

Good night.

## LETTER LXXXVI.

York House, Bath,  
Monday, May 15, 1780.

I RECEIVED this morning, my dearest Polly, the favour of your letter of Saturday, and immediately communicated to the dear widow all the particulars respecting herself as well as her lord and master. When I read her the passage, "Please to make my love (not your own) to the dear widow," &c. she remarked that you were very cruel, for why should she not have both?

I dined with *que diantre?* on Saturday, and gave her the bras to a concert at the Dean of Ossory's in the Crescent. She both sung and played with all her frightful graces, and when she was

"With a head on one side, and a languishing eye,  
Would kill us by looking as if she would die".



it was really alarming. I have great power of face, as you know, or I had betrayed myself terribly at her “Sighed and looked, looked and sighed.” Their Excellencies left Bath yesterday morning. If Gog or Magog, at Guildhall, could be animated, she would have made an excellent companion for life to either.

I mean to leave Bath on Wednesday morning, and to return by Chepstow, Gloucester, and Oxford. I wish you to make a packet, on Thursday evening, of all the letters and newspapers of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and to send them to me by some Oxford coach, which goes out from London early on Friday morning, directed to me at the *Star Inn, at Oxford*, and be so good likewise as to write to me by the post according to the same di-

rection. I expect to be in Oxford next Friday.

It was no small mortification to me that I could not have my dear daughter's company this tour, but I hope my next excursion will be entirely in her company, and I dedicate myself, Berton, a chaise and pair, and a saddle-horse, to follow her plan from the afternoon of the 27th of July to the evening of the 4th of September.

I am just going to Alfred House, where I shall certainly drink my dear Polly's health with the good old Doctor, Mr. Mullett, Mr. Cruttwell, &c. &c.

Adieu!

## LETTER LXXXVII.

Bear, at Newnham,  
Thursday Noon, May 18, 1780.

I LEFT Bath yesterday morning, my dear Polly, and after taking leave of the dear widow, she sent for me again, to give me the agreeable account of your being in perfect health. I dined with Mr. Mullett yesterday in Bristol with Mr. Cruger and three other friends, and in the evening made the great passage between England and Wales in about half an hour, at the Aust Ferry, where the rapid Severn is above two miles over. I was too late for the great boat, in which horses, mules, asses, sheep, and horned cattle pass. The Alderman was distinguished by a boat to himself, at the expense of five shillings and eight-pence.

This morning I visited the beautiful gardens of Pearcefield, Valentine Morris's seat, and had the good luck of sunshine the whole time. I came here a few minutes ago by a vile cross-country road, and am told the post is just going out. I therefore seized the moment before its departure to say Here I am, and hope to be in Prince's Court with my dear daughter on Monday evening, and I doubt if I can sooner.

Adieu !

## LETTER LXXXVIII.

Thursday Night, Ten,  
St. Sepulchre's Churchyard,  
June 8th, 1780.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM here with a good party of horse and foot, with armed inhabitants of the ward, and the rioters are said to be so intimidated, that we shall have no business but rest on our arms. I am perfectly well, and ever your affectionate father.

I shall continue here till five or six to-morrow\*.

\* Mr. Wilkes was most active in putting an end to the disturbances of this fatal period. It was said of him by a foe, "That he who raised mobs could not well be afraid to quell them." The remark however is not, as a general one, confirmed by experience.



## LETTER LXXXIX.

Globe in Fleet Street,  
Saturday, Ten, June 10th, 1780.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

I AM here examining prisoners, and every thing very quiet. I shall probably continue still here, for two hours at least, after which I hope to come directly to Prince's Court. I entreat you not to stay up a minute on my account, and to direct Berton to go to bed at twelve, as he has been on hard duty for some days.

Adieu !

## LETTER XC.

Globe, in Fleet Street,  
Sunday, Two, June 11, 1780.

MY DEAR GIRL,

I HOPE to return to Prince's Court before eleven this night. Every thing is quiet in the city, and in this ward, which I shall parade just before my return. "Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both," says the Alderman of Farringdon to his dear daughter.

Proof that Wm. Moore on the morning that Lord Mansfield's house was burnt gave a glass of wine to a man, telling him *that* was Lord Mansfield's wine.

## LETTER XCI.

Prince's Court,  
Tuesday, Aug. 15, 1780.

I TRULY regret, my dearest Polly, that I cannot enjoy to-morrow's anniversary with you, for I assure you the return of your birthday gives me much more pleasing sensations than that of my own. I shall form the warmest wishes for your happiness through a long succession of revolving years, and congratulate myself on the bounty of Heaven to me in the gift of so perfect a daughter; nor will the day give me any regret, except what I have mentioned of being absent from you. I may perhaps however reproach myself with a little selfishness in all my wishes for my dear girl, as I know my own felicity is so

closely interwoven with yours, and your welfare is what lies nearest my heart.

I have this moment the pleasure of my dear girl's letter, in which the newspaper is mentioned as received, but nothing of my letter, or of another for *the widow*, franked by Mr. Sawbridge, likewise sent.

To-morrow at six I go to Brighthelmstone, and certainly dine in town, if the fates permit, next Wednesday, when I hope to give you an account of a good tour.

I was obliged this morning to order my valet de chambre at eight to go to bed, from the shameful condition in which he appeared. After giving me a robe de chambre, slippers, &c. at ten, he went out late last night, and this morning presented before me the most disgusting of all human figures, a man

metamorphosed into a stupid brute\*. My patience I suspect will not survive much longer.

Your uncle Heaton dined here to-day, and was tolerably cheerful. I toasted Nancy ; he gave—Sir Edward Astley.

In another packet I will enclose the French papers, and a country letter.

Wednesday noon finishes my little tour, and all excursions, till I shall have settled every thing here to our entire content. I shall order dinner on Wednesday at four.

To-morrow my first toast is Miss Wilkes, with every blessing to her through life.

\* In the course of these letters drunkenness and gaming are not unfrequently stigmatized : unhypocritically however, for of neither of these vices was Mr. Wilkes guilty. In early youth he lost at play 500 guineas. His father paid the debt, with, “ Jack, mind, I do so no more.” Jack vowed he would not, and never after touched a die or a card.



My best compliments to my amiable old friends.

Good night, and good journey, dearest Polly.

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## LETTER XCII.

Thursday Morning,  
at Breakfast.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

MADemoiselle Suzette is so extremely wild, that I want your assistance to keep the little beauty in tolerable order. She has lapped above half the milk out of the cream-pot, seized the bread and butter in my hand, upset the sugar-dish, and then frisks and gambols round the room in all the curves of grace and elegance, as if she expected

that a grave senator could be pleased with such frolics. Had you been prudent enough to have taken, instead of the daughter, the pensive Selima, the mother, the demurest of the tabby kind, I had saved my milk, my sugar, my bread and my butter ; and you know how naturally inclined I am to all saving. To prove it to you, a brace of partridges are just arrived, which to preserve good for your dinner to-morrow with pauvrade sauce, and to keep from the rapacious claws of the said Mademoiselle Suzette, I have ordered to-day to be put on a spit and roasted. I expect you soon to rescue an aged father from this *CATILINARIAN* tumult.

*Bon jour, Mademoiselle Marie.*

## LETTER XCIII.

Prince's Court,  
Thursday, Aug. 31, 1780.

I HAVE been, my dearest Polly, a *Prince's Courtier* ever since I had the pleasure of seeing you, except yesterday, when I passed an agreeable day in Leadenhall Street.

I have no objection to your continuing at Epsom till the Wednesday, except the loss of your pleasing company for so long a time, and the return will be quite convenient. I will call on my mother, and let her know.

Your flowers have been watered both by Heaven and by John.

I wish you to make many compliments and acknowledgments from me to

the two good amiable sisters, my old friends, under whose roof I have passed some of the happiest days of my life.

As you will leave Epsom probably on Wednesday early, before the London post arrives, I shall scarcely write again, unless Monday's post brings any letters to send you that evening.

Adieu, dearest Polly.

*Bon voyage, et heureux retour.*

## LETTER XCIV.

Castle at Marlborough,  
April 19.

YESTERDAY passed, my dearest Polly, quite to my satisfaction, and to-day till noon, when I left the Holt to continue my journey. We had no company there. In the evening, which was uncommonly serene, we sauntered through the neighbouring copses, and were entertained with the melody of several nightingales. The situation of the Holt is very fine, and the refinement of the lady of the mansion makes her not only relish it herself, but communicate her delicate sensations to others.

I have just sent our charming neighbour, Mrs. Smith, two small pine-apple



cheeses, and I wish you to say that I hope by this little excursion to Bath to acquire life and gaiety enough to solicit the permission of visiting her on my return to Prince's Court.

My compliments to the Colonel and Mrs. Gordon.

I hope you have made the party for Monday, at the Mansion-house, entirely to your mind, and wish you much pleasure there.

I have been almost suffocated with the dust quite from Reading to Marlborough, and am just now recovering.

My dearest Polly, adieu \* !

\* Though penciled by Miss Wilkes, as received in 1781, yet I suspect that this and the three following letters are referable to 1783.—EDIT.

## LETTER XCV.

South Parade, Bath,  
April 20.

I WRITE this, my dearest Polly, from my favourite lodgings at Bath, where I arrived between twelve and one, almost suffocated by thick clouds of dust the whole way, except over Marlborough Downs. I epistolized you last night. Mr. Stafford's post-chaise carried me to Reading, very reluctantly from the Siren of the Holt, whose kind invitation to continue there till Sunday I dared not to accept, for reasons which you guess.

I dined to-day at Alfred House, and I think the Doctor is in much the same state as at Christmas, only his appetite seems to fail him, and the *frequent and*

*powerful* eructations from his holy entrails render assisting at his dinner rather disagreeable. The company were only the chaplain, Mrs. Cruttwell, and an insipid niece of ten years old. He inquired much after you.

Mrs. M—— and Captain M-ntg-m-r- &c. &c. I have seen to-day, in the old state of silly hoyden romping. She seems well, and scolded me soundly for coming without you. The Captain calls you negligent and careless for not sending a box from Betsey, which I am persuaded she never sent to you. I took your part, and only wished him half your exactness for Mrs. M-ntg-m-r--'s sake; his mother's, sister's, &c. &c.

Good night.

## LETTER XCVI.

I RECEIVED, my dearest Polly, this morning, the favour of your letter of Monday. I hope to thank you for it in person next Saturday

I trust that I shall be able on Friday very early to send you some fine fish, but you have too much wit to trust to such an uncertainty for your dinner.

I fear much our friend here deceives herself, and is deceived by all her family, but I am happy to have it in my power to be useful, where I have much real respect.

The friendly Moravian's letter I enclosed to you; but his intelligence, I find, is not exact.

I have sent this day to Prince's Court two legs of Welsh mutton, but their

destiny is for my clerks Montague and Parker, unless you are taken with a decided fondness. I could have used another word of the same number of syllables, for either of them. In that case, *mangez le gigot tout entier, si vous voulez et pouvez.*

Nine—Just returned from little *Julie*, as drooping, and as yellow, as the Monday jonquille on the chimney-piece. Poor little *Julie*!—What is beauty? a short-lived flower.

*Bon soir.*



## LETTER XCVII.

Monday Noon.

I THANK you, my dearest Polly, for your very pleasing letter of Saturday morning, and am glad the fish arrived in so perfect a state.

I congratulate our polite neighbours on the late prowess of the Grand Monarch\*. I should say to Monsieur in Scripture language, "Go thou, and do likewise." The Comte d'Artois wants no hints.

I am much obliged to the Baron for his care about the coat I wished. I desire you to make him great acknowledgments from me, and to assure him that the first business after my return to town will be to send him a draft for the sum which he has so obligingly disbursed on my account.

\* This may refer *either* to the birth of the *first* Dauphin in 1781, or to the birth of the unfortunate Lewis XVII.—EDIT.

I have seen Dr. —— a second time, but not Mrs. M-ca-l-y. I had an invitation to dine next Wednesday, but was engaged to Mr. Palmer's at West Hall. The Doctor is absolutely raving, and has renewed his conversation about selling every thing here, and settling in America—for three months perhaps.

I have not seen the verses on the Queen's present situation for the thirteenth time—In what paper were they printed?

I shall certainly bow to you at Ranelagh for two reasons: first, from respect; and secondly, to have from you a perfect Duras curtesey.

Your pun is excellent, worthy Lady *Bel. Stanhope*.

Pray remember my affectionate duty to my mother, and compliments to the fair widow, &c. &c.

Adieu, my dear Euphrosyne.  
Four o'clock—Just received the parcel.

## LETTER XCVIII.

South Parade, Bath,  
1781.

I THANK you, my dear Polly, for your letter of Wednesday, which I have just received.

I still continue in the intention of leaving Bath to-morrow morning at six, and look forward with rapture to the thought of meeting my dear daughter on Saturday at the *cottage*\*.

I enclose a letter from Mrs. Molineux, to whom I have just sent a present of fine trout.

\* A cottage rented by Mr. Wilkes, near Cranford Bridge, for a summer or two. He did not reside at Sandham till some years after this.

I have a little history to tell you of the delicate *lamb*, which I sent to the *fierce tigress*\* of Prince's Court.

Bath has furnished me a complete present for the Dutchess's fete.

I have two coach carpets, which I design for *Missi's* coach.

*Bon jour, chere agneau.*

\* This expression occasioned on the part of Miss Wilkes, the following note :

“ **TRES** humble requête au cher Senateur Wilkes de vouloir bien adresser et envoyer les deux lettres, qui accompagnent ce billet, et une seconde grace lui est demandée avec le plus tendre intérêt, d'avoir la complaisance de lui remettre le bulletin de sa santé, pour satisfaire une *tigresse*, dont la vivacité de l'espèce est connue.”

Hence arose the following billet in reply.—  
EDIT.

## LETTER XCIX.

LA belle Desdemona ne doit jamais presenter des *très humble requêtes* au Sénateur Brabantio, parceque le dit Sénateur s'estime toujours heureux, quand il peut trouver l'occasion de montrer sa tendresse, et même sa reconnoissance pour une demoiselle, sa parente, qui possede tous les talens, et toutes les vertus.

LE SENATEUR BRABANTIO.



## LETTER C.

March 1782.

Sunday Morning.

KENSINGTON Gore sends you, my dearest Polly, a little tribute of the *first* beauties of spring, which I have no objection to have bartered for a French hare and brace of partridges, as your garde-manger will still continue tolerably provided. Be so good to send yesterday's letters, and evening paper, with the Sunday Monitor, and I will toast Prince's Court in a bumper at four.

*Bon jour.*

## LETTER CI.

Castle at Salt Hill,  
Thursday Night, March 21, 1782.

I do not remember, my dear Polly, ever to have left the capital with so much regret as this day, because I was not to enjoy the pleasure of your society in this excursion. A Bath tour was particularly agreeable to me, for I was more hours of the day in your company, than on any other occasion. The privation of this pleasure makes me consult the almanack about my return, before I reach the place of my destination, and I already anticipate the satisfaction of re-visiting the humble household deities of Prince's Court.

I enclose you all the tickets I can claim for Easter, that you may make your ar-

rangements early. I date them *Easter Monday*, not *April 1*, to avoid the *mauvaise plaisanterie* of city wits.

Mrs. Partridge gave me a nice dinner, for which I found a hunter's appetite—soup cressy, eels spitchcocked, a perch, a roast fowl and asparagus, and a pancake. Yet the relish was wanting. I do not mean any sauce, which an Alderman could long for, but I believe you may guess what I do mean.

I wish to hear all news in the present important hour. Every public and private motive conspires to make this a most interesting period. If any thing comes too heavy for the post, I beg you to make a packet, and send it by the diligence.

Pray engage Mr. Hutton to write to me.

My dear daughter, good night.

## LETTER CII.

South Parade, Bath,  
Saturday, March 23, 1782.

HERE I am, my dearest Polly, warmly housed at Mr. Hartford's, after combating all the unexpected fury of the elements, ever since I left Salt Hill. The roads are just passable, but the efforts of four strong horses could scarcely drag the light post-chaise, in which I was, with little baggage. It snowed at Salt Hill all Thursday night, and the entire following day, and the wind was very high; so that I scarcely remember a worse travelling day. This morning was a clear sunshine, but it froze intensely, and this afternoon the flakes descend in great abundance. I never saw a more shivering landscape, and I

passed waggons and post-chaises laid low, not in the dust, but in the snow, and absolutely deserted by men, cattle, &c.

On my arrival here I went to Mr. Hartford's, and thanks to the caprice of a lady, who has decamped unexpectedly this day, I have the parlour, the bed-chamber adjoining, a servant's hall, and a garret for Thomas.

I have made my bow both to Mrs. Molineux and Dr. Wilson, and had the most gracious reception from the lady and gentleman. The Doctor pressed me cordially to dine with him this day, and every day of my abode at Bath. I accept his invitation for to-morrow. To-day I dine alone at Phillott's, to write to my dear daughter, and to arrange my small concerns.

Young Macaulay of the Isle of Wight is here very ill, and Sam. Scott far from well.



Economy gave me two horses to the Devizes, and prudence four from the Devizes to Bath, or I had passed the night on the road.

Mrs. Molineux and Miss look in very good health, and talk affectionately of their friend in Prince's Court.

Bath is remarkably thin, but much company is expected the next week.

I am well, but more exhausted and jaded than I ever was after the longest journey. I shall therefore step into a warm bed before nine, and so I bid my dearest Polly heartily *bon soir*.

I hope you received the tickets and the letter from Salt Hill.

## LETTER CIII.

South Parade, Bath,  
Monday, March 25, 1782.

I HAVE nothing, my dearest Polly, to send you to-day but my thanks for the letter, which I received this morning from Prince's Court. I am much obliged to Mr. H. for the attention of his note, which I am persuaded contained all the news of the day, though it was the mere nothing.

Yesterday I dined with Dr. Wilson and the Cruttwells—a plain good family dinner. To-morrow I am to have the same pleasure. I am complimented till I am crimson as scarlet. On Wednesday I am to dine with Mrs. Molineux, whom I have seen frequently since my short arrival here, and who tells me *Miss Molineux is very good.*

Sam. Scott has entertained to-day very cheerfully, and we are to go on Monday to Lyncombe, one mile from hence.

Lady Conyngham, Mrs. Drax, &c. &c. &c. inquire affectionately after you.

I wrote yesterday to Mrs. Hayley, and if you approve the enclosed, I beg you to seal and send it. The snow covers the earth here, but no more falls. It continues to freeze.

Had I been rich, I had purchased *Vernet's Tempest*, at Mr. Walpole's sale.

Good night, my dear daughter.

Nine.

## LETTER CIV.

South Parade, Bath,  
Tuesday, March 26, 1783.

I THOUGHT it best, my dearest Polly, to write to Mrs. Fountain about the rent due last Michaelmas, lest my absence might be an excuse to a waggoner, or drover, to detain the money. I enclose the letter for your perusal.

I hope you received, and approved, my letter to Mr. Byng.

We are here all on the tip-toe of expectation for political news.

Mrs. Molineux is in good spirits, and better than I have seen her for some time. She is with great reason anxious about the fate of *little Kitty*.

I have never known Bath so thin, but numberless lodgings are engaged for Friday and Saturday.

I live here the same life as in town, and step into bed at ten : but I miss my charming companion of Prince's Court, and all the variety of Bath does not indemnify me for that loss.

The snow now begins to melt, and the meadows reassume that beauteous verdure which distinguishes the environs of this place almost through the year.

I write this post to Mr. Angelo about young Smith, who will probably soon arrive.

I am now going to eat the venerable Doctor's mutton ; so, my dear Polly, I bid you adieu.



## LETTER CV.

South Parade, Bath,  
Thursday, March 28, 1783.

I WAS highly entertained, my dear Polly, with your observations on the Baron's account of his Holiness's journey, and the *fermentation parmi les esprits*, which has been so artfully brought about. I should suppose it would turn out the most foolish of all idle jaunts, and the most fruitless, and Pius VI. might as well go to Geneva for any good he can do in these times.

Choose then, good Pope, at home to stay,  
Nor eastward idly take thy way.

I am glad to hear that my niece intends to pass a week at Bath. I hope she will arrive before I leave it. Be so good to offer my services to her for lodgings, and every other convenience.

I shall certainly return to attend the meeting of the House of Commons after the Easter recess on the very first day.

I have a variety of letters, which agree that Lord R. is the nominal, and Lord Sh. the efficient, minister.

Yesterday I dined with Mrs. M. Mr. Macaulay had an express of the taking St. Kitt's, which I concealed from our good friend till after dinner, and to almost the moment of the arrival of Cruttwell's paper. She ate a better dinner than I remember to have seen, and was tolerably cheerful even after she had read the Gazette. Miss Holt only dined there.

The venerable Doctor seems to be delighted with the Alderman of Farringdon Without, and is displeased when I do not dine with him. I could not refuse his pressing instances to eat the smallest of all little pigs with him to-day. We

are never more than four. This is the third dinner. C—— talked to me of a wish to practise physic in some village near the capital. I do not comprehend the meaning of this, unless it be suspicion, and despair of preferment in the church. The Doctor is exceedingly feeble. His legs are enormous.

The Mrs. S— and her daughter, who have his chariot regularly, are very distant relations. They have travelled through France and Italy, as they say.

Lord George's letter is by much the best performance of that half-witted lunatic.

Many thanks to the good Mr. H.

We have had a storm of wind and rain here for eighteen hours, but the weather is very mild. The snow is entirely melted, which with the rain has overflowed the whole country.

Thomas has broken my favourite tea-

pot, and I fear so much for my plates and glasses, that I do not once intend to dine here, to save what I can from such murderous hands.

Heaven bless my dear daughter, prays her affectionate and obliged father.

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## LETTER CVI.

South Parade, Bath,  
Saturday, March 30, 1783.

I FIND, my dear Polly, by all the papers, that the House of Commons will meet the Monday in the week after the Easter recess, which is a remarkably short adjournment. I think that it would be imprudent in me to be absent, and therefore I mean to leave Bath on Friday next, and hope to dine in Prince's Court

next Saturday. I desire you not to wait for me, only to order a hodge-podge for five, six, or seven, with mutton-chops; for I think I cannot reach London before one of those hours.

I shall wait here on Friday morning for the post, and therefore shall have an opportunity of receiving the letters put in the London post by Wednesday night, but not after.

I sent Mrs. Molineux yesterday a handsome dish of fish, and had the pleasure of dining with her. She bears the loss of St. Kitt's very well, but Mr. M. writes most unaccountable letters on that subject to Miss M.

I do not comprehend Dunning's being Chancellor of the Dutchy of Lancaster under Lord Rockingham, for I think that very place was to be abolished by Mr. Burke's bill.

Good night, dear Polly.



## LETTER CVII.

I HAVE but a moment before the departure of the post to notify in form to my dearest Polly the arrival of the Alderman of Farringdon Without, after the amazing effort of getting yesterday to Marlborough. The world seems to me half pulverized, and my inside is already I believe turned to dust, so that I must endeavour for the next hour at least to give fair play to the liquid elements, that the whole system may not run into confusion.

I have been already pestered with Bath and London fops, but I put them to flight to write this short note to my beloved daughter.

Adieu!

The newspaper and one letter are arrived.

## LETTER CVIII.

South Parade, Bath,  
Monday, April 21, 1783.

I HAD the pleasure of your letter, my dearest Polly, this morning, and it gave me very great entertainment.

Lord Nugent is more apprehensive of the serious consequences of many alarming events from the present ill humour of our sailors than most others of my acquaintance, and his fears arise from his conversations with Lord Howe, who says he does not envy Lord Keppel his present situation, with nods, shrugs, &c.

Lord Rodney has been here three hours this morning. He has given me a variety of interesting particulars, which I dare not transcribe. He has a whole house in Gay Street, and pressed me

much to accept apartments, and live with him. He pressed it cordially. He is alone, except a physician, visits very few, and goes to no balls, &c. He neither loves nor commends Howe, and thinks he is highly culpable for not destroying the whole fleet of France and Spain off Gibraltar, as he says Howe might have done.

Captain Montgomerie and Mr. Pierce dined here to-day. To-morrow I dine with Mrs. Molineux. The news of the arrival of the Member for Lynn has given more surprise than pleasure, although he is to be accompanied by Betsy, and the other sister.

Mr. Strange has written to me about the print of Charles I.; and I have desired that it may be sent to Prince's Court directed to you.

Thomas says he has taken the parcel to Mrs. Gordon.

The letter from Calais only told me the game season was just over.

This night is Dawson's great ball.

Adieu!

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### LETTER CIX.

South Parade, Bath,

Tuesday, April 22, 1783.

I ENCLOSE to you, dear Polly, a letter from Mrs. Molineux, and the Countess of Kageneck's letter to you. The wife of the Member for Lynn, the Norfolk Captain, Miss Molineux, Mrs. Kemys and Miss, are to dine with me on Friday, with a Colonel Fanning, an agreeable officer lately in the British army, and returned from New-York, of

which city he is a native. He seems a fair, candid man, handsome in his person, tall, genteel, and not in the least bigotted in politics. He lodges in the lower apartments at Harford's. I dined in a very agreeable way this day at Mrs. Molineux's. To-morrow I meet Lord Rodney at Dr. Lee's, who is soon going abroad, and on Thursday at Mr. Drax's. So much for my dinner parties till Saturday, and farther I am free.

I am now worth a Dutch tea-kettle, of an elegant antique form, with which I mean to entertain you at Christmas. It cost me, with the lamp, no less than fourteen shillings.

I am, thank Heaven, well, and have recovered the headachs I had for some days. A considerable bleeding at the nose on Friday much relieved me, and I am now perfectly recovered.

Adieu!



## LETTER CX.

South Parade, Bath,  
Wednesday, April 23, 1783.

THIS day's post, my dearest Polly, has brought me a most satisfactory answer from the Baron de Castille, so much so, that I do not see *a loop to hang a doubt on*, with old Shakespeare. The kindness of the Dutchess de la Valliere can never be sufficiently acknowledged. Considering her great age, such an opportunity is not to be lost, and I wish you now to set immediately about the preparations for your journey. I shall be able to contrive sufficiently for your setting out the 12th or 13th of May from town, and if you do not hear of any party about that time, you may contrive it in the way we mentioned before. In

all events I desire you to write to the Dutchess by Friday's post, that you hope to be at Paris by the 18th of May. I should be glad too, you would write to the Baron, that I am at Bath, but have received there his letter, which I shall answer in a post or two, and that it has dissipated all my fears and uneasiness. As to the Helvetius's and the D'Holbachs, it may be contrived for another year, and you will find English enough of fashion to make your parties with, when you may choose a little absence from the Dutchess. My mind is now quite at ease, and I am sure I can arrange all the important pecuniary concerns in the way we should both wish. I therefore would have you write directly to the Dutchess, as well as to the Baron, of all your preparations for the journey being begun.

I shall go no where but to Kensington the whole summer and autumn, the

savings of which will be a good aggregate fund, and we may look forwards to a Christmas excursion to this place. I wish you to write me a copy of an answer to the Baron, which I will transcribe, and you may order it to be put into the London post.

My dear daughter, adieu.

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## LETTER CXI.

South Parade, Bath,  
Thursday, April 24, 1783.

I HAVE only time by this post, my dearest Polly, to thank you for your letter of Tuesday, and to refer you to my two last, and the Baron's which I enclosed. I hope you will be able to

contrive every thing to your satisfaction for your French tour.

I do not know to what *the strange mistake* you mention in the newspapers respecting yesterday alludes.

Be so good as to put the letter for Mrs. Stafford in the general post, and send the other by Mrs. Townsend, to Kensington Gore, as soon as you receive it.

I dined to-day very cheerfully at the Drax's, with Lord Nugent, the Wroughtons, &c. &c.

The bellman gives his last warning.

Adieu!

## LETTER CXII.

South Parade, Bath,  
Sunday, April 27, 1783.

I HAVE the favour of your two letters of the 24th and 25th, my dearest Polly, by which I find that you had not then received mine of last Wednesday, respecting chiefly your tour to Paris, with the enclosure of the Baron's letter.

I find Mrs. Hayley it gone on a tour to Norwich. I send you a letter for her, and hers to me, which may now be burnt. I have sent Spragg franks enough for her tour.

I leave Bath on Thursday next, after the arrival of the post, but I go by the Holt, and therefore I shall be obliged to you to send my letters on *Wednesday* night to the *Crown in Reading*, and on



*Thursday* and *Friday* to the *Bush at Staines*. My time is not quite my own. Probably I shall be in town on Sunday evening, if not Monday morning will be the length of my tether. *Tuesday*, April 29, you will be so good as to direct my letters to *Bath*.

I sent two legs of mutton and two cheeses to Prince's Court. One of each I intended for my dear daughter; the other for poor *Sam. Petrie*, at the *Fleet Prison*, in the third staircase, No. 21. I beg you to send James there with them, and to order him not to accept any thing.

I am now, thank Heaven, perfectly well, but I have not missed taking rhu-barb pills one night since my arrival here, and only once been out of bed at eleven.

I send *ten thousand* things to the Countess of H. I am glad the *petite*

*Flore* has at last *quelques graces enfantines*. I feared her dotage would have arrived sooner.

You are very saucy about *ne soyez pas trop jeune*, &c. but I own I like the badinage, and do not think you what the Captain still calls you, *enfant gaté*, &c.—his own character by the by.

Your Russian Prince is not yet arrived. As soon as I hear of him, I shall pay my compliments. The Russian emulating the French Marquis, is *Æsop's* ass imitating the lap-dog, and jumping into his mistress's lap, breaking *her* bones, &c.

I dined yesterday at Governor Woodley's, with Lord Rodney, Sir John Jervis, Admiral Edwards, and the ladies. Miss W—dl-y is indeed very handsome, a good prater, and a great simpleton, but easy and good-humoured. I gave a great dinner on Friday, to the Molineux's, Kemys's, Mr. Estwick, and a

Colonel Fanning, who is in this house.  
My only dinner. On Thursday I dined  
at Drax's.

Adieu!

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### LETTER CXIII.

South Parade, Bath,  
Monday, April 28, 1783.

I AM truly chagrined, my dearest Polly, at this contre-tems of the good Dutchess de la Valliere's indisposition, not only from her suffering, but the postponing of a Parisian tour, which would have given you so much pleasure. I leave you however the perfect mistress of settling every thing for that tour the succeeding spring, and you

may acquaint the Baron, that it has already my full approbation.

If you hear of any respectable family making this year a month's tour to Spa, of whose party you could be, I should with pleasure frank you there ; for be assured no father ever had a more thorough confidence in a daughter, nor was ever any person more beloved, esteemed, and admired by another, than you are by me. I shall in idea anticipate all this year for you the pleasures of the gay metropolis of the French the succeeding spring, the *trois jours de Longchamp*, the *courses de chevaux à Vincennes*, the *benediction des drapeaux*, the *revue du Roi*, &c. &c.

Lord Rodney and I are much together. To-morrow I dine in Gay Street, with his Lordship, Lord Conyngham, &c. &c. I could not muster courage sufficient to accept a second dinner invitation from Alfred House, but sent a very civil excuse.

I leave this place on *Thursday* after the arrival of the post. I think that I desired you yesterday to send *Wednesday's* letters to the *Crown at Reading*, and *Thursday's* and *Friday's* to the *Bush at Staines*. Sunday evening, or Monday morning, I hope to rejoin my dearest daughter in Prince's Court.

Mrs. and Mr. Drax, the Molesworths, the Molineux's, &c. &c. all desire their compliments.

Adieu!

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## LETTER CXIV.

South Parade, Bath,  
Wednesday, April 30, 1783.

I RECEIVED by this day's post my dear Polly's little *poulet*, and another enclosed for Mrs. Molineux, which I



delivered. Captain Montgomerie returns to the capital to-morrow morning at four. I have gained by the assistance of Mrs. Molineux, a complete victory over the said Captain, by proving that you are *bon enfant*, and not *l'enfant gaté*, as he is; that you are exact and careful, not *negligent and idle*, as he is in all instances —except one. The said Captain I have driven to the wall, and approved myself in your cause a *preux chevalier*.

Your Russian Prince is arrived, and has been here. Je l'ai comblé de politesses, et ce soir je dois avoir l'honneur de le presenter chez Madame Drax. Demain il part pour la capitale. Je n'aime point du tout ces Russes. Ils sont tous des petits maitres manqués, et ont generalement le gout fort depravé. Celui-ci est un veritable singe. Il est parti pour Bristol ce matin, mais revient à une heure.

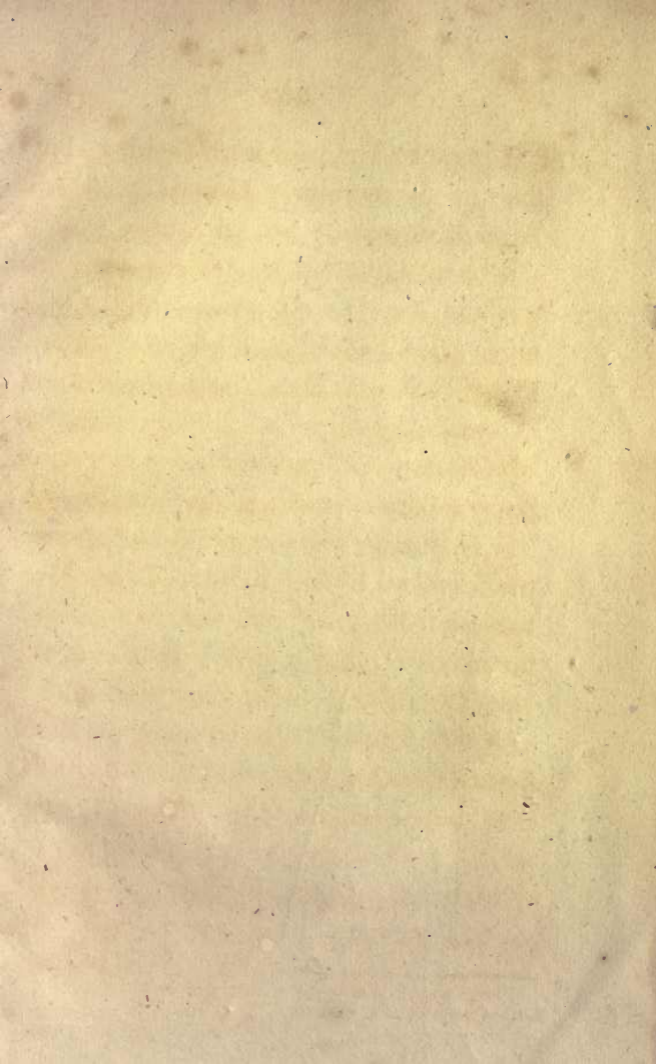
I hope to be in town on Sunday, but am not yet certain. However, I leave Bath to-morrow.

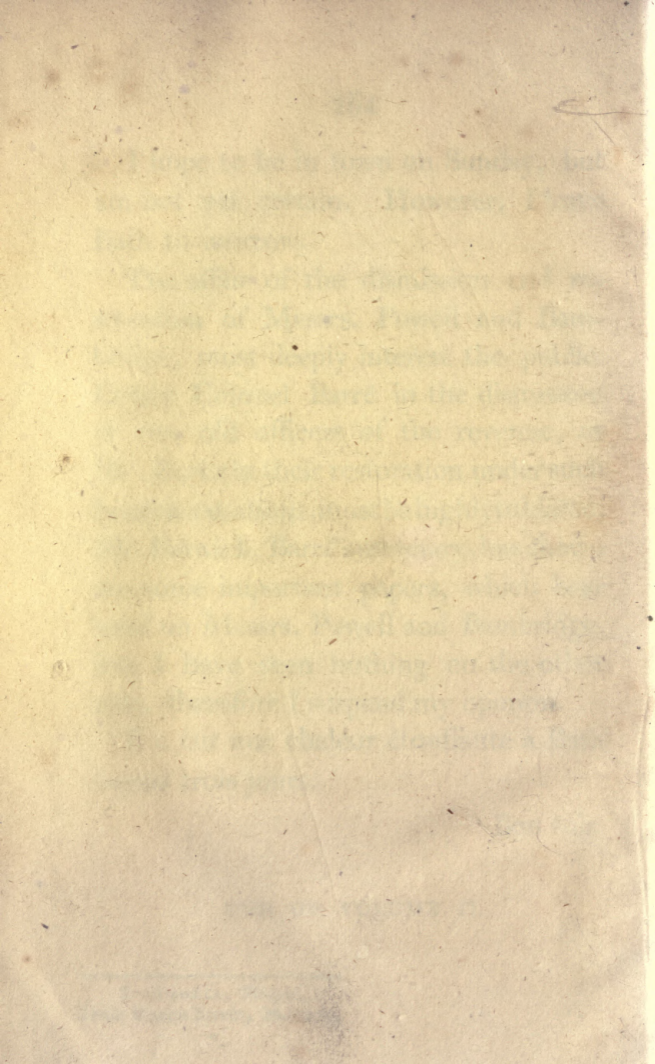
The affair of the dismissal and restoration of Messrs. Powell and Bambridge, must deeply interest the public. Either Colonel Barré in the dismissal of two old officers of the revenue, or Mr. Burke in their restoration under such heavy accusations, must be highly to blame. Mr. Estwick, Barré's secretary, has shewn me some important papers, which bear hard on Messrs. Powell and Bambridge, but I have seen nothing on the other side, therefore I suspend my opinion.

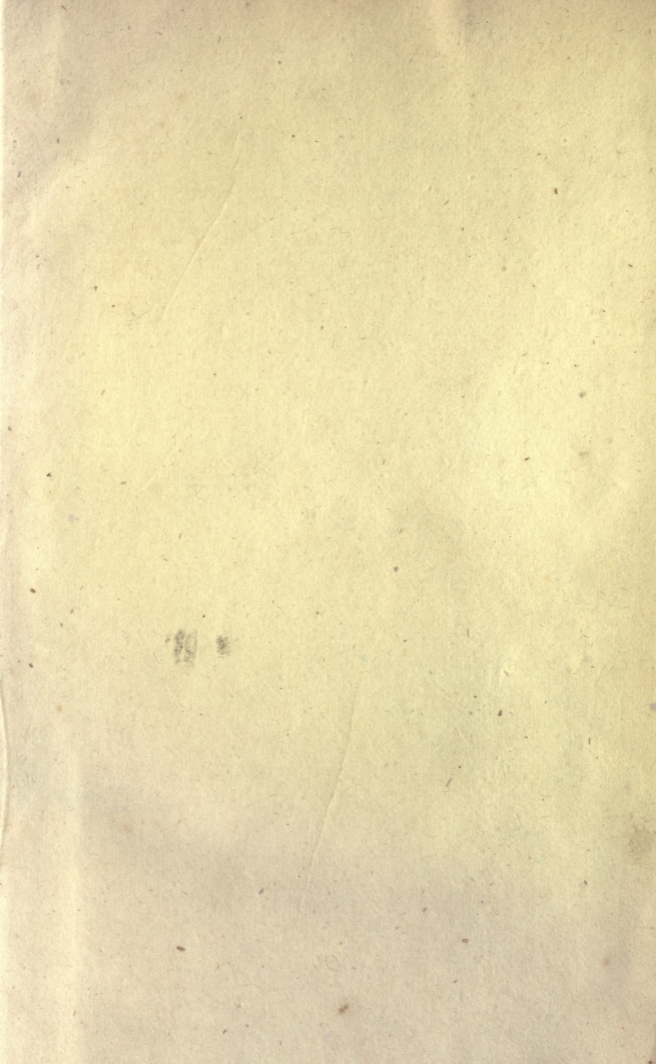
Il a fait une chaleur étouffante à Bath depuis trois jours.

Bon soir.

END OF VOLUME II.











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v.1-2

Wilkes, John

Letters 2d ed.

